

The Nation.

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The Week.

WE suppose that a greater degree of incredulity and disappointment than was caused by the nominations at Cincinnati has not been felt in this country since the news of the first battle of Bull Run. The country had been led to apprehend that the candidate most dangerous to Mr. Adams, Mr. Trumbull, and the good men of the Convention, was Judge Davis, and almost no one outside the hall of the Convention was fearing that it was to Mr. Greeley and Mr. Gratz Brown that the Convention was to fall a prey. Just that, however, was what had happened to it, and whatever became of the disappointment and the mortification with which the news was received, the incredulity had to vanish. We imagine that the men most severely and permanently disappointed were the circle of politicians immediately surrounding General Grant and attached to his personal and political fortunes. Those who were earnest for Adams found consolation in sources not remote. They had accomplished a great deal, and in a cause of which they were not ashamed. A few weeks of direct appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the country had made it manifest that the candidate most acceptable to the American people is a man of the character and ability of Mr. Adams. And Democrats who had been confidently believing that their party was to be lifted to a higher level by the action taken at Cincinnati, had at least the means of hope which lay in the fact that the party convention does not meet for some time yet, and that meanwhile much may happen. But the friends of General Grant who know how bad the outlook is in Mr. McClure's State and here in Fenton's; who are aware that though Greeley and Brown were to get not a single electoral vote, they will prevent Mr. Cameron's and Mr. Conkling's candidate from getting many—these men the news must very speedily have filled with unrelieved anxiety.

This upshot of the movement in favor of a return to constitutional methods, of good sense and justice in the management of the debt and the tariff, of dignity and statesmanship in the conduct of our foreign relations, of honesty in administration, of relief from hack politicians, is a result which will certainly to most human minds seem, to say the least, curious. The nominations which may be made by the Democrats if they shall nominate, the Reunion and Reform men if they shall nominate, the Philadelphia Republicans when they nominate, will in our judgment have to be very extraordinary nominations if Greeley and Brown are to secure and keep the united support of the best friends of the movement which Mr. Brown represented so much better a month ago than he does to-day. As to the way in which the Convention's ticket has been received by the newspapers, it is early yet to speak. There was at first some of the inevitable semi-contemptuous laughter which Mr. Greeley's name always excites, and there has been some of that rather amusing editorial felicitation of Mr. Greeley, of the editor himself, and of all mankind generally, on the fact that an eminent journalist has been put up for office, and the power of the press recognized once more, and in a way peculiarly gratifying to the editorial mind. The Democratic papers are many of them well pleased at the unexpected prospect of making a fight with a candidate of their own instead of with Liberal Republican leaders. These, however, from the highest to the lowest, take orders from the chiefs of the party, and in general we may say, that the issues to be presented in the coming contest and the men to embody them are not yet fully before the people, and that this fact the press of the country seems on the whole to recognize fully. The sober and deliberate determination

is to come later. Of the newspapers which were strongest for the true Liberal Reform movement, some are indicating their intention to support the Greeley and Brown ticket, and a good many of them are on the fence. All such journals have reprobated the abandoned trickery which secured the Convention for these two candidates.

That the nomination, much as it surprised people in general, was, nevertheless, carefully prepared, will no doubt become more and more apparent. Mr. "Rocky" Moore and Mr. Waldo Hutchins did not go out to Cincinnati to look after Judge Selden without having a clear conception of what it was the Judge wanted, and what it was, on the other hand, which they wanted. Nor do we suppose that, a month or so ago, the organization of "Pioneer Greeley Clubs" in numerous wards of this city where our fellow-citizens of Irish descent are active in politics was done vaguely and without consideration. Irish activity in American politics has not, as a rule, been purposeless, whatever may have been the character of undirected Irish politics in general. We see that Mr. Ben. Wood, the owner of the *Daily News* of this city, on Tuesday last organized a very successful Democratic ratification meeting in this city, and patriotically demanded a State convention of the Democracy to urge on the National Democratic Convention the adoption of the Cincinnati ticket. This we learn from the *Tribune*, as also that there is great fear in the minds of the anti-Cincinnati men that this coming campaign will be turned into a shouting and singing and dancing campaign. Going further in pursuit of this song and dance idea, we learn from the same journal that a club in St. Louis has ordered a large number of white hats, and is strong for Gratz Brown and Greeley, while from Louisiana it is telegraphed, we see, the telegram being sent to Governor Warmoth, that white hats are all the rage in that city. We should say, on the whole, as regards the attitude of the press of which we a moment since said something, that one thing about it seems pretty clear, and that is that Presidential candidates at the close of the campaign will have the question to consider whether or not it is better or worse for them not only to own an "organ," but to own it and to edit it.

Since our Cincinnati correspondence was received, word comes from that city that the Reunion and Reform men—who, had they been admitted to the other convention by the leaders of it, would have prevented it from being swamped—have held a meeting, which was an indignation meeting in part, but in greater part was something far different, and have adopted a platform of very great excellence, earnestness of conviction speaking in every line of it, and the principles enunciated in it being the platform of the future, whether they become the platform of to-day or not. The convention, furthermore, resolved to establish a national committee, and go into correspondence with a view to securing as committee-men good names of tried reformers. Judge Stallo and Judge Ranney appear to be its leading spirits.

There was one plank in the Cincinnati platform which we cannot praise as we could most of the remainder, and that is the One-Term resolution, which the *Tribune* affirms to be a principle, and the *Evening Post* declares to be a political fetch, and which we take leave to consider a bit of *ad captandum* that will not meet with much consideration; though we dare say we shall hear a good deal about it for some time to come. It has never seemed to us worth while to argue this question at all seriously, because the country has quite recently had one of the strongest illustrations imaginable of the danger that might attend a change of President at certain crises, and because there is something childish in demanding that a great people shall bind itself not to employ its servants and directors just as long as it finds them useful. To certain eminent offices there is

a natural limitation which will rarely be exceeded, and it is not probable that we shall ever see a President of such transcendent merits as to challenge general support for a period of more than eight years. Nevertheless, if the exception arises, it is absurd to say that the country ought not to be allowed to profit by it. Be this as it may, we predict a great deal of discussion before this so-called principle is embodied in the Constitution, and we advise people who meditate discussing it intelligently to study the *Federalist*, and to remember that the Constitution was not adopted until after some years of hard argument from the ablest men in a country whose people had for still more years been obliged to consider what their form of government should be. Mr. Sumner has, we observe, provided a new preamble to his proposed amendment embodying Mr. Greeley's momentary pet principle, but we can see no improvement in it. For our own part, we believe that Mr. Greeley's second term we may perhaps advocate strenuously.

The organ of the Administration has been, within a day or two, giving the Senate and House some very sound advice. What the *Times* would have now is that Congress should compel Mr. Boutwell to cease his obstinate hoarding of gold and paying of debts not yet due; should make an immediate reduction of the burden of taxation to the extent of drawing from the people fifty millions less of money; should include the income-tax and the more oppressive taxes on raw materials and on manufactured articles in the list of taxes to be dropped; should commit itself to the instant reform of the civil-service. Good advice all this is; but it comes late; and we fear the *Times* will find that it falls on dull ears. Congressmen are no longer intent on saving a Presidential candidate whose intimate friends, by their persistency for him and the disgraceful motives for their persistency, have split the party. It was only by a happy accident, which Mr. Dawes had the sharp-wittedness to improve, that the House on Tuesday put itself in a fair way to agree with the Senate on modifications of the tariff which will reduce the duties on pig-iron, and iron and woollen manufactures, by 10 per cent. Mr. Dawes was able to head off the high protectionists, led by Mr. Kelley, who achieved a temporary triumph, and to nullify the recent action of his colleagues of the Committee of Ways and Means in overriding his leadership both in the Committee and in the House. The composition of the majority which effected these reductions was such as to prevent anybody in particular, unless Senator Sherman and Mr. Dawes, from claiming the credit of them; and it is not at Philadelphia that they are likely to be made prominent in the list of the Administration's services to the country.

When the Administration first conceived the notion of attempting a settlement of the *Alabama* claims, General Grant's popularity among the thinking men of the party had disappeared; he had done little or nothing that was hoped for at his hands, and contempt for his capacity in civil life was current. His apparent policy in relation to this quarrel to a great extent rehabilitated his reputation, and he did himself further good when he appointed our negotiators, and again when the Treaty was read by the country and ratified. The negotiation was regarded as the one considerable success of his Administration, and kept him formidable as a candidate for re-election. He may not have been allowed to learn these facts, and to know that the welfare of Mr. Murphy was as the small dust of the balance compared with the real weight of the *Alabama* negotiations, but the fact remains. His conduct of the affair since the preparation of our case was begun has not been such (he should not need to be told) as to re-establish his title to the credit of accomplishing an honorable connection with so great an achievement, and his latest acts in reference to it are not impressing either his friends or his enemies with an opinion of his firmness. Firmness it is which he is said to wish to show, but the late shuffling semi-official document trying to prepare the public mind for a virtual withdrawal and a nominal insistence, and his private consultations with the Republican section of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, have a look the reverse of firm.

The recent remarkable semi-official utterances of Mr. Fish concerning the Treaty are stated to be necessary because the President thinks we cannot withdraw after having formally presented our claim, but must stand by it, while upon Mr. Fish is devolved the task of seeming to insist, and at the same time of seeming to withdraw or really withdrawing, and of doing this before the eyes of an English ministry who dare do but the one thing, namely, insist on a withdrawal that shall be at once a real withdrawal—which we credit Mr. Fish, now at least, with really intending—and one that can by no possibility be mistaken for anything else. It is not surprising that in his endeavors at accomplishing this feat Mr. Fish displays more agility and perseverance than is good for our national reputation, and that he fails. His last attempt is in substance this: "You just go on with the arbitration without making us withdraw from our untenable position, and if you will we will pretend that we put in the indirect claims, not because we wanted anything under them in the way of money, but because we must get such claims pronounced ridiculous and foolish, otherwise America would be ruined in the next war." It is not astonishing that the English say No to a proposal of this description, more especially as they half-believe this is another Yankee trick to get the money, for there in the case is a demand not for "enlightened propositions in international law wanted by the United States," but on the contrary "A Gross Sum of Money." Is not this beginning to look a little shameless?

The Methodist Conference now in session in Brooklyn does not afford to the general public an improving spectacle, and we shall be surprised if it does not by-and-by awake to that fact and come to a proper conclusion in reference to the Book Concern frauds. Certain Methodists would seem to hold the belief that a man may be so very good a Methodist that he may be permitted to be a thief—which doctrine we do not see how any church can, with any safety or any prospect of usefulness, long act upon in a wicked world looking to the church for salvation. The gentlemen who are of this way of thinking have for nearly two years succeeded in persuading their honest brethren to refrain from pronouncing judgment condemnatory of the people whose conduct, since charges were brought against them, has been a confession of guilt. Motions to adjourn, efforts for the appointment of large investigating committees necessarily ignorant of book-keeping and easily misled, artful appeals to the denominational spirit, these are not the tactics which should satisfy the Conference that the Methodists have not been defrauded by their agents, and certainly they will not satisfy intelligent people outside of the Methodist Church, but desirous of its real prosperity. So far as we can see, Judge Reynolds of East New York pointed the Conference to its best and wisest action when he requested it to refer the matter to a committee of business men in whom it has confidence, and to abide by their decision. The decision will hurt somebody, no doubt; but we can assure the Conference that more people are hurt by its failure to take the right course. It is possible, we should recollect, for Christ to be wounded in the house of his well-meaning friends.

In thinking of the monstrosity of our New York frauds, of the little that has been done in punishing them, of the impudence of some of the gang and their apparent impunity, it is sometimes hard to recollect that the uprising has accomplished something, though little of what has been done has been done with heartiness, and that, of the good which really has been done, it may be said that it has in almost no case escaped being accompanied by some additional and concomitant act of infamy. Let it be confessed, however, that Cardozo is off the bench. But let it not be forgotten that this atrocious judge is allowed to resign, is not impeached, goes and unpunished, while one paper says that if he is not disqualified by impeachment "he expects to be re-elected by the Hebrew vote." This must be fabling, but it is a fable adapted to the place in which it arose. As it has been resolved not to impeach Cardozo, so it is "regretted that

Judge Barnard was impeached instead of being removed," and this judge may yet escape. He will deserve it better than the other, for if he was the ruffian on the bench, the other was the robber. The Legislature is making some effort at good work in its last days. The new charter will pass, and will not be vetoed, and there is good prospect that the more insolent projects of Vanderbilt may fail by vote or by veto. Governor Hoffman, so far, preserves his reputation for being good at vetoes, and by some that he prepares he partly atones for some notable occasions when he has failed to perform them.

If a crisis is not approaching in South Carolina, there is no value in signs. The Scott-Parker Ring, as our readers are aware, have saddled the State with a debt from which her honestest citizens see no escape but in repudiation. Since the Legislature adjourned, the public institutions dependent on annual appropriations have found their drafts on the Treasury dishonored, and the alternative forced upon them either to appeal to private benevolence or to succumb at once. Nearly all the free schools were suspended on the first of May. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum is on the point of being closed. The State Lunatic Asylum, with two hundred and ninety-five patients, has latterly been enabled to feed them only by private charity. And finally, even the State Penitentiary is in want, and has been compelled to bring the State Treasurer into court for withholding a large part of the appropriations due to it. All this is symptomatic of a society tumbling to pieces, and good observers predict that the wreck is not far off. The Ring, whose members have a thorough contempt for each other which they scarcely attempt to conceal, will fall as Tweed's fell, when any one of them is fairly cornered. That Mr. Niles G. Parker's turn will come first is not unlikely. Should the superintendent of the Penitentiary be successful in his suit against him, it is understood that the superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum will enter a like complaint, with the schools looming up in the background. What renders the situation all the more intolerable is that the people of South Carolina are almost model taxpayers, and have promptly met every year the burdens thus imposed upon them; and that on January 15 they paid into the now exhausted treasury over a million of dollars, besides what has accrued from the operation of the license law.

Iowa has agreed to abolish capital punishment, and puts in the act the clause diminutory of the Governor's power of pardon, and forbidding the release of convicts except with the concurrence of the Legislature. We have not seen that the arguments were other than is usual in such cases, and we suppose them to be the same, a well-known Humanitarian who is itinerant on this particular subject having been busily engaged in that region for some time back. Usually, these arguments have for their basis the principle of "the sacredness of human life" and the value of the murderer's soul, and some statistical support is usually sought in figures showing that murders decrease when imprisonment for life is substituted for the death penalty. The real statistical question we take to be not this very vague question of whether or not there are "fewer murders," but whether or not in a given place murderers imprisoned for life are after a long term of years found to be in jail, or, if not, to have died in jail, and we imagine Mr. M. H. Bovee himself would not undertake to maintain that they are so found. Imprisonment "for life" in our American prisons has in the average proved to be but short imprisonment, such is the good nature of our governors and legislatures, and their willingness to exercise power, and so true is it that in our newer communities men have counted for more than those rules and laws, stern but not cruel, without which society when close packed must go to pieces. We are still left at liberty, we suppose, to assume that a wilful murderer, if not effectually removed from society in one way, shall be in another, and, that assumption admitted, we should like to have it shown that the statistics are in favor of the Iowa doctrine. The ancient Jews, whatever else may be said or denied about them, certainly had a pretty keen perception of the laws

governing the great relations of men in society; and the law which says that God "set the solitary together in families," and that the woman's desire shall be unto her husband, and that right doing exalts men and nations, appointed the solemn deprivation of life as the just punishment of murder.

The Old Catholic movement has made a beginning in France at Bordeaux, where the Abbé Mouis and his colleague the Abbé Jonqua were recently excommunicated for refusing their assent to the infallibility dogma. The former has gone to Brussels to institute worship in accordance with the old faith, while the Abbé Jonqua remains at Bordeaux holding private services for the present. He had continued to wear his priest's costume in spite of the prohibition of his bishop, who had him brought up for it in police court, where in spite of his protestations that he had not departed from Catholicism, but that the Pope and his followers had, with their new doctrines, he was convicted of illegality, and has had to appeal to the Council of State. This verdict is said to be in violation of the provisions of the concordat relative to the official promulgation of Papal decrees in France, those whose promulgation is not authorized being without force in law; and this is the case with the infallibility decree. In other respects, too, the Government has shown itself sufficiently tenacious of its prerogatives with regard to Rome. Lately, it nominated M. Nouvel to the vacant bishopric of Quimper, and, when looking over the Pope's confirmatory bull, discovered a dangerous usurpation in the words italicized in the following sentence: "Cum . . . ipse dilectus filius noster Adolphus [meaning M. Thiers] te nobis ad hoc per suas patentis litteras *præsentaverit* . . ." The French ambassador was at once instructed to enquire at the Vatican if the word "present" was designedly substituted for the word "nominate"; and on Cardinal Antonelli's replying that it was obviously a mistake in the Latin, and promising to give official notification to that effect, the bull was received and the matter smoothed over.

As required by law, Bismarck has made a report to the Reichstag on the progress of the work of reconstruction in Alsace and Lorraine, and the achievements are such as Germany may justly be proud of, considering that they have occurred within the compass of a short year. Such another task, if ever attempted, was never more promptly or intelligently taken in hand, or in more delicate or difficult circumstances. The boundaries between the new provinces and France have been in good measure determined, the religious connection completely severed so far as Jews and Protestants are concerned, the judiciary reorganized and put in satisfactory working order, the schools remodelled and graded and compulsory education enforced, the damages caused by the war ascertained and partially reimbursed, and the savings-banks redeemed from the bankruptcy in which the occupation found them, and set in operation again. The Strassburg University has been created out of the superabundance of German learning, and the restored library already numbers 200,000 volumes. The administrative activity which all this implies is nothing else than prodigious. The difference in language has caused less embarrassment, even in litigation, than was to have been expected. The race difference is still far from being settled, and the determination has not been abandoned on the part of the discontented to make Elsass-Lothringen a German Venice. An ingenious effort has been put forth to construe the article of the treaty permitting a transfer of home and allegiance to France up to a certain date (Oct. 1, 1872) in such a way as to make a plébiscite necessary; and at all events to make the mere option of France (*élire son domicile en France*) equivalent to actual removal (*transporter son domicile en France et s'y fixer*). The French themselves do not quite endorse this view, not only because the language of the treaty is unequivocal and in accordance with common sense, but because they have no desire to assist the Alsations in absolving themselves from all military duty by living in one country and pretending to be subjects of another.

THE RECENT NOMINATIONS.

THE Cincinnati Convention must, as far as the general aims and objects of those who called it are concerned, be pronounced a failure. They all acknowledge this privately; some of them admit it openly. Those of them who are supporting Mr. Greeley's nomination are doing so simply by way of making the best of a bad job. Not one of them considers him a desirable candidate, or looks forward to his election without grave apprehensions. There are but few of them, if any, who do not feel that, although he may prove an improvement, and a great one, on General Grant, he will not be by any means the kind of President which the Cincinnati Convention promised to present to the country; that his election, however desirable it may be as a remedy for some of the evils which now afflict us, will not work that revolution in politics which we were led to hope from the Cincinnati nominations; that the Convention, so far from taking the Presidency out of the hands of professional politicians, has simply committed it to the hands of a new set of professional politicians; that the nominations were, indeed, whatever their value, effected by a trick of a more than usually barefaced kind, perpetrated by managers of the old type, or of a worse one.

Of the completeness with which the movement had passed out of the control of the original promoters of it by the last day of the proceedings, no better proof could be desired than is furnished by the platform. The greater part of it is excellent, both in matter and manner, but the original promoters were nothing if not "revenue reformers." The Missouri Call, under which the Convention met, contained a downright free-trade resolution. Nevertheless, the Cincinnati platform expressly relegates the whole question of the tariff to the decision of "the people in Congressional districts," in terms dictated by the greatest protectionist in the United States, to whom the delegates thereupon gave the first place on the ticket.

If there was anything the Liberal Republicans promised more solemnly than another, it was the selection of a candidate who should be free from entangling alliances with politicians, and who should enter the White House free from all pledges, traditions, or associations likely to make him an instrument in the hands of the class which has brought the Government to its present low estate. We were to have had a man offered us of whom, whatever else was said, we should not hear the well-worn and dismal tale that "though personally honest, he was surrounded by bad men who imposed on him." Nevertheless, the Convention has offered us a candidate of undoubted personal honesty, who is and has long been associated intimately with the worst set of politicians the State contains—excepting the Tammany Ring—whose supporters at the Convention included some of the worst political trash to be found anywhere, who would in all probability be followed by them to Washington, and who, if left in their hands there, would set up the most corrupt administration ever seen, and that from which least might be expected in the way of administrative reform; who is not more remarkable for his generosity and kind-heartedness than for the facility with which he is duped, and not more remarkable for his hatred of knavery than for the difficulty he has in telling whether a man is a knave or not.

We were promised, moreover, a candidate on whose sound and steady judgment, in sharp and sudden crises, as well as in the strain and labor of everyday life, the country might lean as on a rock. "Three o'clock in the morning courage," Napoleon said, was the only courage he thought much of; that is, the only really brave man is he who, roused from deep sleep, goes swiftly into the fight with nerves unshaken and every faculty on the alert. And in a President, the only sound judgment is that which, based on wide experience of men and affairs, and on the still deeper foundation of an honest, loyal, and self-contained character, finds no sight or sound too novel or too terrible for calm and vigorous action. Mr. Greeley's fondest admirers will hardly claim for him any such judgment as this. Few men are entitled to so much credit as he for a clear perception of slow tendencies, of remote results, of the general drift of opinion and events. The result is that his career as a jour-

nalist has been successful beyond example. But few men filling positions so conspicuous as his have made more lamentable mistakes when brought face to face with sudden, sharp, and inexorable demands for prompt decision. At noon he is pretty sure to appear, and appear to great advantage, but if he is called upon at three A.M., the darkness, the cold, the booming of the guns, and the yells of the advancing foe, make him one of the least reliable of leaders. And we ought to add, in spite of his wide sympathies and his close relations with "the masses," and his interest in their condition and devotion to their interests, deeply rooted prejudices have made his social experience singularly narrow, one-sided, and misleading.

In fact, there is no Liberal Republican who recalls the objects with which the Liberal Republican movement was set on foot who can think of the results without mortification or amusement. And it does not, we think, augur well for its effect on the future of politics that some of its foremost advocates should now be engaged in persuading themselves and their constituents that they are satisfied with what has happened. It is a misfortune to have failed; but why add humbug to calamity? Anybody who saw General John Cochrane figuring in the Convention as a "reformer" and a frantic supporter of Mr. Greeley, had some excuse for despairing of popular government; but do not let us make matters worse by pretending to believe that Cochrane knew better than we what was good for the country, and that he was right when (on another occasion) he declared that he "would support the regular nominee if he were the devil himself."

That there is a good side to the matter, however, we do not deny. We consider it a great misfortune that Mr. Greeley was nominated by a body which met with the aims and intentions set forth by the Cincinnati Convention, because we think it calculated to throw an air of folly and absurdity over the very name of reform. But against Mr. Greeley, considered as a candidate now in the field, opposed to the existing Administration and standing on the Cincinnati platform, if we leave out of view the circumstances under which he was nominated and under which that platform was drawn up, we doubt if there is much to be said. He is not an ideal statesman; but he is a man thoroughly familiar, if anybody is, with the constitution of American government and society. What was said of Comte de Morny may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of him also—"that he has only to interrogate himself to know how Americans feel." He is not a politician of the highest type, but there are few politicians in the country—if there are any—who can look back with as much honest pride to their political career. He is easily imposed on, but nobody can say of him, as may be said of others, that he has profited or profits by being imposed on. That he is personally honest, nobody doubts whose doubts are worth consideration. That he has gained steadily for twenty years, in spite of many errors and many failings, in the confidence and respect of the great body of the American people, nobody can deny, and this alone goes a great way to fit a man to govern them. What kind of cabinet he would gather round him we do not pretend to be able to predict; possibly, and indeed probably, he will during the next six months have his eyes sufficiently opened to know that it ought not to contain Mr. Fenton or his like, and will dissolve all connection with the band of unmentionables who now constitute his most enthusiastic flatterers and supporters in this city and State. His manners—we refer to them unwillingly, but they must be mentioned in all discussions of a President's qualifications—are, as the *Evening Post* says, "gross"; indeed, they might more correctly be termed brutal; and if they can be spoken of as "manners" at all, this is the correct way of describing them; but, then, in the eyes of many people this is no defect, and they are said to improve as he gets older. Retirement from the editorial office, and from the daily pursuit of "lies" of various dimensions, would probably mend them greatly; and it must be remembered that, if not a polished man, Mr. Greeley is a man of sufficient intellect and education to make him enjoy the society of the cultivated men of the country, to make him a sharer

in their best aspirations, and to give him a thorough acquaintance with and an honest pride in the national literature. To get this in a President is a gain for "manners" which is none the less real for not being very conspicuous.

Of the chances of his election it is at this writing impossible to speak, because, for one thing, it is yet doubtful whether the Democrats will make a nomination, or will accept Mr. Greeley as they would have accepted Mr. Adams, or will accept Mr. Adams, or what they will do. To the adhesion of a few Democratic papers to the Cincinnati nominations little importance can be attached as long as there is no Democratic candidate in the field. The leaders of the party are now in active consultation, and we shall probably know their decision in a week or two. But we have reason to believe that the temptation to step in and do what the Liberal Republicans attempted, but failed to do—nominate two men whose character and antecedents and attainments would not only command the confidence and respect of all intelligent and thoughtful men throughout the country, and give a feeling of security to business men which Mr. Greeley's nomination does not give, but would help to magnify the Presidential office, rid it of the degrading associations which have of late years clustered round it, give the White House once more an atmosphere not only of purity but of dignity and refinement, and make it a place in which not only the rudest elements of American society would be made welcome, but which the best and most cultivated would be glad to frequent—this temptation, we say, is very strong. Whether it will prove strong enough we shall soon know. If any such nomination is made, self-preservation will compel the Republican party to unite on one candidate, and it is pretty safe to say that candidate would not be General Grant.

On one result of the Convention the friends of reform may heartily congratulate themselves, for it is certain and substantial. The existing party organizations are broken up. We are about to be delivered from the task of "abolishing slavery and suppressing the rebellion." The "great party" is about to be provided with other and more useful work than the care of its laurels. We shall no longer be condemned to the passive contemplation of Leet and Cramer and Casey, lest "the Democrats should get into power." If Horace Greeley does nothing else during the coming summer, his candidacy will drive a great many faithful drones out in search of an honest living; and it will release the public mind from its position of flabby resignation to flagrant abuses, and give it living problems to work upon. Out of this renewed activity, who knows what valuable fruits for reform may yet and soon come?

THE CASS COUNTY MURDERS.

THERE has been published another account of the recent murders in Cass County, Missouri, which puts a new coloring on the event. But the statement is false on the face of it. It is asserted that Cline, one of the victims, ran out of the train and fired into the crowd. That a man would wantonly fire into an inoffensive assemblage of armed and masked men, who he had been told a few moments before were seeking his life, nobody will believe. The facts, no doubt, are substantially as they were at first stated. Still the later statement is signed by a number of men of apparent position and respectability in the neighborhood, and goes to show what appeared pretty certain from the first, that the population very generally approve the act. Here is a case in which a violation of law gratified the passions of men at the same time that it really advanced their interests and bettered their condition. Fortunately such cases are rare. Men whom passion hurries into wicked violence rarely better themselves even so far as the particular crime reaches. If a desperate man makes away with his enemy, he may suffer more at the hands of the state than from his enemy's persecutions were he living. If the crime really serve him, and he escape the punishment society assigns to his crime, he may incur the frown of the community and the aversion of men. But the Cass County murderers

suffer in none of these ways. At anything like punishment from the state they may afford to laugh; the same lax justice which protected the unjust judges will protect their cruel murderers. The frown of the community they are in little danger of, for a few bold men have put the neighborhood under obligations by doing what timider and more scrupulous people were themselves unwilling to do, but are not sorry to have done for them. Even if public sentiment in this particular case were hot on the side of the murderers, a strong, desperate man, especially if he have some position, is a formidable object in the West. People respect him and make room for him. To strong and savage men they yield the right to be cruel. They think of them as they think of the elements and the wild beasts of the forests. Sailors do not discuss the justice of the hurricane, nor does a hunter argue with a grizzly. The newer and ruder society is, the nearer its civilization approaches "the old and simple plan," the more are men given to think in this way. As society establishes and defines itself, law will assert its sway, take the weak under its protection, unite good citizens, and teach them confidence against powerful outlaws. The murderers of Cline and Stevenson, whether or no they have accomplished anything, have at least suffered nothing. Whatever they have done they have done with impunity; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they have to all appearances bettered themselves by their act. It is true that the severest lessons are in time forgotten. New judges will arise in Cass County who will disbelieve in the possibility of any violence to themselves, as Stevenson flouted it when counselled to leave the train before running into Gunn City. Murder is always found to be worse than people imagine it will be while the victims are still insolent and alive; and sympathy with the families of the murdered men may bring about a reaction. The effect will at the most be temporary only, but it cannot be denied that for the next few years Cass County will be apt to possess very upright and correct judges. They will "walk before the people" in such a way as to make New York patriots envy Cass County her judiciary. Stevenson's successor will ask a higher price of the Tebo and Neosha Railroad than that corporation can afford to pay him. We do not believe that adultery is more infrequent because public sentiment permits the wronged husband to kill the adulterer, nor seduction because juries acquit women who shoot their seducers; we doubt if people were any less apt to insult each other in the days when a duel was always supposed to follow a quarrel than now. These things are of little importance, because in their inflammable moments men take small heed of consequences. The passion of avarice, though not less strong, is slower and more patient than those of lust and anger; it gives its subjects time to balance drawbacks and advantages. The murderers may say in their cool, retrospective moments that they have done a good thing for themselves. Had they gone to the legislatures, they might have spent years and a larger sum of money than the judges had robbed them of to get through a measure which, when passed, might have been discovered to be without any value. There are cases, it appears, then, where the influences of passion and interest point men to crime, and where they have only their virtue and humanity to hold them in check.

It is, however, in the power of the Western people to help themselves in a more general and permanent and no less effective way. The prompt action of the Kansas Legislature in arraigning Pomeroy and Caldwell for bribery seems to indicate this. An energetic press, courageous and public-spirited leaders, concerted action—these have accomplished something here, and they should do more in Missouri. New York is so rich, and fraud in this State has been on so general a scale, that nobody has been mulcted enough to be very angry about it. Reform here has always found a stronger enemy even than the Ring in the indifference of the people. Manifestly, men who will commit such acts as the Gunn City murderer cannot be said to be indifferent. The mere fact that they were desperate enough to kill the judges, and that public sentiment was sufficiently inflamed to approve of the murder, seems to show there was no need of it. The same energy and rage directed upon the legislatures, or

in endeavors to reach the robbers through the courts, would have attained results which, though slower in coming, would have been surer and more permanent. One trouble with such work as that of Gunn City is that it must be done over again, that it induces reaction, and alienates the sympathy of men who are not suffering from the same causes. It seems rather to deepen the public enervation and despair in the efficacy of peaceful reform. At best, its effect is only partial and limited. It is not justice, but simple retaliation and desperate self-defence. People are apt to think of it as a rude approximation to justice. But it is merely the angry revenge of men upon those from whom they have received an injury—the last thing a trial by law is supposed to be. Homicide in such a spirit is none the less murder when perpetrated by a thousand than by one. But we say that the salutary effect of the violence is very limited. The oppressors of townships suffer from the vengeance of men whom they have tangibly injured, but State robbers go scot-free, and senators may buy up whole legislatures with impunity. Sooner or later, lynching must disappear in Western Missouri just as the Indian and the buffalo have disappeared. It would be far better for the people of that country to spend all their energies in seeking civil remedies for their grievances. Their progress may be slow, but a step once gained they will not be obliged to retrace. And a movement in the direction of order and purity will help not only the people immediately interested, but will support and encourage purity elsewhere.

Our object in recurring to this subject is not to apologize for an indefensible atrocity, or merely to preach patience and a better way out of their difficulties to a community in such a condition of mind as prevailed, and doubtless still prevails, in Cass County. It is rather to insist on stripping the outrage of its accidents, and to connect it with the general tendency of society in all parts of the country. The fact that it happened in a sparsely settled and somewhat lawless district only disguises the more important fact that the desperate situation of affairs which led to it already threatens and has overtaken much older communities, and that we may be ourselves on the brink of similar disgraces, by forgetting how necessary it is to prove on every occasion that, for the punishment of great rogues and plunderers, not only extraordinary combinations of good men but the ordinary processes of the law are sufficient, prompt, and, above all, certain. As we said last week, the failure to visit upon Tweed and his accomplices the just and full legal penalty of their crimes has done more to hasten the reign of violence than even their lynching would have done.

POSTMASTERS BY ELECTION.

IT is curious to observe how our political ideas run in a circle, and how we dodge from one to another of a series of expedients; when one fails, going back complacently to one that failed before, as if it were some new and admirable discovery. It is because we have lost the practice of looking below the surface, and have reduced our notions of political science to a few commonplaces in the way of theory, and a few habits in the way of administration. Several years ago it was decided that pure Democracy required us to give the election of all possible officials to "the people," and that this would secure us a wise, honest, and genuinely popular administration. It was seen, however, in time that the result was something neither wise, honest, nor popular, and it has seemed well-nigh agreed by all thinking men that one of the first things to be aimed at now was to reduce very much the number of persons to be chosen by popular election. This one principle at least seemed fully established by the experience of the past twenty-five years.

Now comes civil-service reform. We find in appointed as well as in elected officials a lack of capacity and honesty, and we set to work to remedy this, the most crying evil of our politics. But all at once, in the midst of an earnest and hopeful effort, we are surprised by the reappearance of this old principle, tried and discarded in regard to one set of functionaries, and now pushed forward as a new idea which will put an end to all trouble in regard to another set. We have just come to the conclusion that popular election is a bad way to choose certain officers, and a fatal way to choose certain others; that it is much safer and better to leave their selection to a magistrate whom we can trust, and who is distinctly responsible. If this is

so, what reason is there to think that popular election would work any better for postmasters than it does now for judges and commissioners?

We know very well what popular election means. It means that a set of politicians, a "ring," or a "regency," or, in the best case, a "committee" pick out the one of their own number whose turn it is, and present his name for the party to vote at the polls. When a long list of names is to be voted, this is inevitably and universally the case with all but one or two. With regard to the leading names—the Governor, the Mayor, the Member of Congress—it is somewhat different; that is, with regard to prominent and responsible places, there is a certain amount of popular sentiment to be considered, a certain feeling of the necessity of presenting honorable names, and a certain, if small, power of control at the polls. But with regard to the great majority of names voted, they are as truly appointed as if the Governor selected them and sent them in to the council or the legislature for confirmation. The only difference is that they are appointed by irresponsible, instead of responsible, persons. Now the question is whether the postmaster would come under the first head or the second. His is a purely administrative office, calling merely for good business abilities and habits, not at all for political qualities; why should it be filled by a person selected on political grounds any more than a station-master or express agent? In the next place, the office is a lucrative one, and would inevitably be the subject of even greater scheming and intriguing than is the case now. Anything that should add to the present scramble in politics would be a calamity.

We do not think, therefore, that it would be a movement in the direction of civil-service reform to have postmasters elected by the people. We fear that it would result in an even worse state of things than at present, because the scramble for the office would be in an irregular and irresponsible caucus, instead of before an upright and responsible secretary; and because it would be throwing an attractive and lucrative post into the most open competition of common politicians. We choose too many persons now by popular election. Nobody—but the wire-pullers themselves—knows even the names upon the ticket that he votes. This vote is simply the expression of a desire that a certain party may be in power, and of confidence (if it goes so far as this) in the leaders of the party, who have selected the list of names which he puts into the box. This is all very well; in the highly organized and intense life of the present day, we cannot expect more of the mass of voters than just this. But it shows that the way to turn to account this expression of will and confidence is to place before the community only a very few names, and those of well-known persons, as candidates for important and responsible positions. Then voting would mean something; and one who had received this mark of confidence could be left very well to make subordinate appointments on his individual judgment.

We do not say that the proposed change would work harm in the rural districts where towns are small, and where there is constantly operative the restraints of public opinion, each man knowing every other man, and knowing pretty much all about him. But until there is general acknowledgment of a truth which certainly is not now generally acknowledged; until we all agree that large towns must be governed in a way entirely different from that which we invented in the days when the country was a country of villages; until we admit that the method of government proper for New York when New York was half the size of Harlem is not the proper method for the Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, New Orleans, Baltimore, San Francisco, St. Louis, and Brooklyn of to-day, each of them with its numerous rings—until we admit this, and act upon the knowledge, it will not be time to give the people any more elective offices to fill. It is already the case in small towns that the postmaster is practically elected by the people among whom he lives. He must, as a rule, be of the dominant party, though that is not necessary, and the rule has frequent exceptions, but the men who unite to recommend him, and who may be said to re-elect him, are of all parties. They choose him because they know him to be capable, honest, and obliging, because ever since he was a boy they have had opportunity for examining into his character, and discovering whether he is a person into whose hands they are willing to confide interests so important to them. And we dare say the records of the Department would show that the class of postmasters thus chosen to manage small post-offices, where the emolument is so slight as to be pretty well out of the scramble for political power, have proved themselves as faithful and efficient as any servants the public has in place. They are like the town-clerks of our smaller towns, many of whom have been in office for a long term of years, whose politics are largely matter of indifference to their fellow-citizens, who are subject to the form of election, but who never have the reality, and who serve the public capably and with fidelity. These two classes of officers, the appointed and the elected, are alike good officers; and they both are good for the same reason. They are picked out by their neighbors who know them thoroughly; they are existing illustrations of that reform in the civil service which would

give us public servants intelligently selected instead of public servants who are put in office because they have been the private servants of some one who could get higher offices than they, and would put them into the lower.

But apply the rule of election which really or practically prevails in country towns to the postmastership of a city like New York or Boston, and we shall simply offer one more inducement to the politician by trade to continue in business, and have one more election or one more candidate for whom to vote. The present system is bad enough, we all know. It was, we take it, a very true remark made the other day by one Massachusetts postmaster about another one, master of a much larger place—that they gave him so much to do in Washington keeping his office that he had no time to keep the office at home. But at least the postmaster of a city like Boston, for instance, has, under the present system, to secure the names of a good many business men, who judge him carefully and speak of him intelligently, and usually he must have the personal recommendation and endorsement of some Congressman who can in a way be held to account for his behavior. This is not what we have a right to ask, but it is better than the liability of having some such person as "Jimmy" O'Brien, say, or Colonel "Charley" Spencer, demanding the New York post-office and its emoluments as a reward for services rendered, having his name put on the general ticket by the regular caucus machinery, and having him elected by a strict party vote, thrown by voters not one in ten of whom know whether he is fit to be trusted alone in a post-office or not.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

CINCINNATI, May 4.

ONE did not need to see very much of what was going on here during the first two days of this week to be satisfied that those who flattered themselves that the Convention was to be an insignificant gathering of "sore-heads," unlikely to exert any influence on party politics, were making a serious mistake. Indeed, of the many follies and absurdities of which the friends of the Administration have been guilty during the past twelve months, their taking this view of the new movement has perhaps been the greatest. For those who took an interest in the Convention mainly with regard to its influence on the cause of Administrative reform, and to the probability of its rescuing national politics, even temporarily, from the control of the regular professional hacks, the question of most moment, last Monday and Tuesday, was not whether it was going to be a success as regarded numbers and strength, but whether it was not going to be a too great success for the objects which those reformers who called it had in view. It was quite plain that, in the West at least, it had enough support at its back to give its candidate a fair chance of the Presidency, and it was plain, too, that as regarded the spirit and character of the delegates, it was likely to make a deep impression on the popular mind. I doubt, indeed, whether a more respectable, honest, intelligent, public-spirited body of men has ever got together for a similar purpose. It was not what is technically called a representative body, for the members were not really delegates. They were nearly all volunteers, who came out because they personally were not satisfied with the condition of public affairs, and were willing to give time and money to the task of trying to improve it. When one saw the strength in which they collected, the spirit by which they were animated, and the complete ignorance of the art of political "engineering" in which the great majority of them were plunged, one was driven to the conclusion that if the fears which so many expressed when the Convention was first called that the politicians would descend upon it and "capture" it, were not realized, it would be owing to a special interposition of Providence. The prey was tempting beyond example, and already on Monday afternoon the news began to spread that wolves had been seen in the neighborhood of the fold. In other words, "professionals" began to make their appearance in considerable numbers in the course of the day, and a tremor was sent through the flock on Monday night by the news that Mr. Reuben E. Fenton, of New York, had arrived, and was engaged, in a secluded room at some distance from the hotels, in "fixing things." He was, it was said, making up a "combination" between Illinois and Pennsylvania, by which Davis and Curtin should appear on the ticket, "control" the whole movement, and send the reformers home about their business.

I see that this story is denied in the New York Tribune. The principal friends of Judge Davis assure me that neither he nor they were in any way a party to the arrangement. That there was such an arrangement on foot, however, everybody here believed. Several of the editors of the independent daily papers which had been most influential in getting up the Convention were so satisfied of its truth that they met on Monday evening, and agreed to denounce the plot, and warn Fenton that it could not be carried out. They did denounce it, and it was thereupon abandoned; and Mr. Fenton, as if sat-

isfied that his usefulness was gone, returned home. But a great many less conspicuous members of his class remained. Several of the delegations, and particularly that of New York, contained "practical men" of no common ability, and fully determined that, if they could help it, all this enthusiasm should not be wasted on "visionary" projects; and co-laborers kept coming on from various quarters. The "managers" rose in importance all through Tuesday and Wednesday, and the work of "manipulation" went on in a way that would have delighted even Tom Murphy himself. Close on the heels of the "managers" came the crack-brained people. George Francis Train was busy from morning till night in the halls of the hotels. The city delegates whom he buttonholed enjoyed the joke, but the country members took him in solemn earnest; and their attempts to refute him, in the teeth of his constant manufacture of facts, were a source of considerable amusement. He held a "nominating convention" in one of the parlors, which ended in an uproarious dispute over the existence of a God. He was followed by Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Gordon of California, the latter of whom demanded admission to the Cincinnati Convention, and both of whom took great delight in making their way to the platform every day, up the middle aisle, amidst the laughter and catcalls of the audience.

The first and great difficulty of the Convention was the tariff. The original promoters of the movement in the West and Northwest were free-traders. The Missouri platform, on which the Convention was called, contained a distinct free-trade declaration. The New York call, which Mr. Greeley signed, came very near making the same thing. It was felt, therefore, by the revenue reformers both from the East and West, that this platform also would have to contain some distinct expression of opinion on this subject. As the delegates arrived, however, and "conferred," it began to be clear that this would prove well-nigh impossible. As the movement grew in proportions, and success came to look more attainable, the determination to succeed and to cast aside everything that would interfere with success grew stronger. Pennsylvania had to be thought of; Mr. Greeley had to be consulted; and the more the matter was debated, the plainer it became that there was no common ground on which the protectionists and revenue reformers could stand. As the forces of the East swelled, Mr. Greeley grew more inexorable; and the Committee on Resolutions, after sitting up a whole night, were compelled to accept the compromise which he proposed—the reference of the whole matter to the people in the Congressional districts. It is right to add that the sentiment of the Convention was overwhelmingly in favor of this course. There is a touch of absurdity about it, it is true, but it is at least frank and honest, and, at all events, nothing else was possible. Even such outspoken free-traders as Judge Hoadly, of this city, were compelled to concur in this disposition of the question. The delegates were red-hot against the corruption, maladministration, paper-money, Ku-klux laws, and nepotism; about the tariff they were cool and collected.

Adams, I think, gained strength as a candidate all through Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Davis ceased to be formidable after Monday. Adams was the second choice of nearly everybody, and the conclusion generally reached on Thursday morning was, that after each delegation had made a complimentary fight for its own man, all would unite on Adams, and he would be nominated without difficulty. Several things occurred to disappoint this expectation and bring about the extraordinary result which followed. One was the selection of Mr. Schurz as Chairman of the Convention. Another was the split in the Illinois delegation over Trumbull and Davis. Mr. Schurz was unanimously recommended for the position by the Committee on Permanent Organization; but this, I may be allowed to say, as was evident at the time and as the sequel showed, was a mistake. He was already the most prominent man in the movement. Indeed, he might without much exaggeration be called the father of it; but this prominence had been won by his eloquence and character, and it was not desirable that at this stage it should not seem to rest on anything but his talents and character. It was desirable, also, that other men than he should appear in it conspicuously at the Convention, for its sake as well as for his own. *Dis aliter visum.* He was chosen, and took the chair with an eloquent speech full of the loftiest aspiration, and pointing distinctly to Charles Francis Adams as his choice.

When the news of all this reached Missouri, however, as it did on Wednesday forenoon, it kindled unholy fires in several breasts, and principally in those of Messrs. Frank Blair and Gratz Brown, who saw that Schurz was making too much "capital" out of the thing. On Wednesday morning, I was assured by a person in his confidence that Mr. Brown would not and could not attend. On Thursday morning, it was rumored that he was on his way to Cincinnati; on Thursday evening, that he and Blair had arrived and had concluded a "combination" with the Greeley men, by which Greeley and Brown were to compose the ticket. On Thursday night, the Adams men were filled with gloomy forebodings, and the knowing ones declared openly that nothing but a combination of Adams and Trumbull could beat the new

arrangement. Still, strange as it may seem, Greeley's nomination was generally regarded as impossible. I think I am right in saying that nobody outside the circle of his immediate supporters treated it as a serious probability. Men laughed when his name was spoken of; all said he ought to have a good complimentary vote; but nearly everybody talked of his selection for the Presidency by the Convention as an utterly ludicrous thing, which would cover the proceedings with ridicule and contempt. What was feared by the reformers was not this, but some "sinful game" on the part of the politicians which would defeat Adams and deprive the movement of all weight and significance.

My own apprehensions were quieted on Friday morning by the assurance of the chairman of the Davis wing of the Illinois delegation that the whole delegation would vote solidly for Adams as their second choice, in case they found neither of their own candidates had any chance. The division in this delegation had been from the outset fierce, bitter, and irreconcilable. Davis had the larger force, the chiefs of which were highly respectable men, and, they assured me, the whole body also, but the Trumbullites accused them of bringing down a great body of "bummers" from Chicago to outvote them, and "yell" for Davis in the Convention. This split eventually proved the ruin of the Adams cause.

The building in which the Convention was held is immense, seating 8,000 persons, and was on Friday morning filled to its utmost capacity. The steady gain of Adams up to the fifth ballot, and the loud and widespread cheers with which every mention of his name was greeted, showed that whether he was the favorite of Fortune or not, he was generally believed to be. But the gradual narrowing of the contest, Davis and Trumbull dropping slowly out of sight, and the steady descent of the vote on Adams and Greeley alone, was fanning the excitement into anxious heat, when a small piece of paper was carried up to the chairman, on reading which he was visibly disconcerted. He announced with a somewhat faltering voice that a gentleman was in the hall who had received a large number of votes for the Presidency, and who desired to make a communication to the Convention; courtesy required that they should hear him. The balloting was suspended; and up the platform stairs slowly mounted Mr. Gratz Brown, the sun from the upper windows striking with a fierce light on his red beard and hair and pallid features. There was an exchange of ghastly greetings between him and the chairman, and then, turning to the audience, he commenced a performance of extraordinary effrontery. How much effrontery there was in it cannot be understood without knowing that a resolution had been passed the previous day forbidding the formal presentation of the names of candidates by speakers. He made the usual acknowledgment of the honor he had received in having so many votes cast for him, gave some account of the virtuous and unselfish condition of his heart, declared that he withdrew from the contest, that he desired the nomination of the man most likely to win, and that in his opinion that man was Horace Greeley. Thereupon the "practical men" of the New York delegation rose in their seats and gave three cheers; the Southerners, Vermonters, and the New Jersey men took up the cry, and shouted themselves out of breath. It was plain to everybody that we were witnessing the working of the "combination." Brown had done his part; but not well. The Greeley managers were dissatisfied. "Brown," said one of them near me, "has spoiled that whole thing. He ought to have stopped with his own withdrawal."

The Convention was by this time in a state of great nervous exaltation—the state in which panics come, and in which frantic resolutions are taken. The great body of them were in complete uncertainty as to the game of the leaders, and ready for any burst in any direction. The appearance of Brown satisfied them that the arrangement of which they had heard the day before was working, and that a rush for Greeley might occur at any moment. Adams had reached 325 of the 359 necessary to a choice. Had the Illinois delegation gone over to him on the previous ballot, as was expected, before the wavering had begun, he would now have been nominated. After Brown's appearance they retired for consultation, and their return was waited for with intense anxiety. In view of what had occurred, it was doubtful whether it was not now too late for them to save Adams, even by a solid vote. But when they came back with the announcement that only 27 were for Adams, and that 15 had actually gone over to Greeley, there was a general *débâcle*. All the outlying delegations, and the gushing ones, at once began to change to "the friend of humanity," as some called him, or "the philosopher," as others called him; and he was nominated in a scene of the wildest confusion. The Illinois delegation had been unable to agree—were too much exasperated even to consult amicably; and finally a part of the Davis men had deserted to Greeley, apparently in order to spite the Trumbull men. Brown got his nomination for the Vice-Presidency in due course. As a "reformer," however, it may be safely said he has left the stage.

The result was so unexpected that it confounded nearly everybody here.

It leaves the revenue reformers in a pitiable condition. They have not only been shut out of the platform, but they have helped to nominate the greatest living champion of protection. Worse than this, after spending months in the preparation of a great movement for the overthrow of politicians, they have been made the victims of one of the paltriest political tricks ever executed, and this at the hands of a professed and rampant friend of honest government. Last evening, they did not know what to say. This morning, they are more cheerful, and disposed to believe that Brown and Blair might have done worse things than give us Greeley for a President. On one thing I find that there is a general agreement among the shrewdest observers, and that is, that Greeley will be elected, so that the Administration will do well to employ its most expert "managers" at the Philadelphia Convention.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 19, 1872.

THE only thing that can well be said about the political situation is that the state of affairs would be anomalous if it did not bid fair to become chronic. A government with a large majority and little prestige; general discontent which stops short of a desire for absolute change, are the prominent symptoms of the day. The Geneva Convention just now occupies a good deal of attention, but in the absence of any precise information as to the policy adopted by our own Government and yours, it is difficult to say more than that there is a certain amount of rather vague inanity. The papers which systematically oppose Mr. Gladstone try to make out that we have every reason to infer that he is betraying our interests, and is urgently in need of such an inducement to speak out plainly as is supplied by Lord Russell's motion. The Government, it is urged, have not said unequivocally and distinctly the one thing that ought to be said, namely, that we cannot under any circumstances permit the arbitrators to decide upon the indirect claims. From day to day we may be more clearly informed upon the subject; and it is useless to enquire whether these suspicions are better or worse founded than the enthusiastic faith of the *Daily Telegraph* in Mr. Gladstone's infallible wisdom. Somehow or other Mr. Gladstone always creates more than the ordinary warmth of party feeling on both sides, which renders it more difficult than usual to judge of any matters in which he is concerned. I may, however, venture to describe the general feeling as compounded of a strong suspicion that English diplomats are always in a muddle, whilst American statesmen are supernaturally and discreditably acute, and of a doubt whether our rulers are not rather more clever than they ought to be. We are somewhat in the position of a rough country squire who is represented in a lawsuit with a shrewd antagonist by counsel whom he fancies to be too eloquent and cultivated and altogether too highflown for their work. He would like something more after the good old style of homespun Palmerstonism. This uneasiness about our representatives rather hinders speculation as to the probable fate of the Washington Treaty. The general impression is that it will not be carried out unless your statesmen make unexpected concessions, or ours allow themselves to blunder into some delusive compromise. However, it is plain that Government must in this case speak the voice of the nation on penalty of complete party ruin.

Meanwhile Parliament pours out its usual abundance of talk. It talks about all subjects in earth and heaven; about foreign policy, about the ballot, about liquor laws, about contagious diseases, about Epping Forest and the Thames Embankment, about the propriety of eating veal and lamb—a practice which one gentleman wishes to discourage by royal proclamation; about Irish, English, and Scotch education, about the burial of Dissenters, about local taxation, about dozens of other subjects, and, last but not least, about its own talking. For an impression has somehow got abroad that there is something in Mr. Carlyle's favorite maxim as to the relative values of speech and silence, and some vague attempt has been made to induce our great manufactory of talk to turn over part of its duties, those mainly which are concerned with private business, to another tribunal. Hitherto the attempt has failed, and the current of debate flows for the present in a torrent as copious as ever. Some staunch Conservatives have been delaying business by obstructing the Ballot Bill as much as possible. As that unfortunate measure had the most important place in the Government strategy for the present session, it was generally assumed that an obviously hopeless battle would be abandoned, and that Conservatives would be rather glad than otherwise to get the question out of the way. A rather singular incident, however, has just happened, which seems to show that, if not defeated, the measure may be seriously mutilated. The Government measure included a proposal to inflict certain penalties upon any voter who should "wilfully" expose his voting paper. In fact, secret voting ceases to be even in appearance an effectual guarantee against corruption or intimidation if the constituent may convert it into public voting at his option. The

man who had received £5 or been threatened with the loss of his farm would be able and therefore would be forced to satisfy his briber or his landlord that he had complied with their wishes. A good deal of indignation, however, was expended upon this proposal, and it was moved to substitute for "wilfully" the words "with corrupt intent." A voter could only be punished under this law if it were proved that he had been guilty of voting under bribery or intimidation. Now, as it is already very difficult to detect the ingenious practices which have been generated under the old system, and as the Ballot Bill was advocated expressly on the ground of that difficulty, it follows that the corrupt intention of displaying a vote could rarely be detected. A man, for example, is afraid of losing a renewal of his lease unless he votes with his landlord. If the voting were strictly secret, the landlord would have no hold upon him; but if there were a tacit understanding, the existence of which it would be practically impossible to prove, that the man should display his vote, it is plain that the intimidation would be precisely as easy as before. I should beg your pardon for insisting upon so evident a point; but two or three Radicals appear not to have noticed or not to have been convinced by what seems a very obvious argument. Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Fawcett both declared themselves against the Government proposals. Both of them are Liberals of that type which considers the treacherous leadership of Mr. Gladstone to be worse than the open enmity of Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Fawcett is as honest a politician as any in the House, and was no doubt convinced by his own statement that an Englishman ought not to be prevented from discharging a public duty publicly. For my part, I entirely agree with him; but because I agree with him in this I differ from him in objecting altogether to the ballot, and it is in my opinion unlike his usual straightforward common sense to approve of secret voting and yet disapprove of what certainly seems to be an essential part of the machinery. Be that as it may, the change was carried against the Government by a majority of a single vote in a full house. Probably some means will be found of circumventing this awkward decision, otherwise the session will be even less creditable to the ministry than we had reason to expect. They proposed at least to carry the Ballot Bill, a measure which, if regarded with indifference by most intelligent politicians, is part of the regular Liberal platform, and which would therefore entitle them to a certain amount of party gratitude. If the gap now caused be not in some way patched up, they will simply have carried a measure for enabling those people to whom it is a matter of no consequence to conceal their votes; but they will have given the very smallest amount of protection conceivable to the classes which require artificial aids to their independence.

The fact is that the agitation about the ballot has a factitious character. Nobody really cares about it very much, except a few politicians who live on the traditions of the past, and nobody is sanguine or despondent enough to think that it will make any great difference. When the most intense Radicals are ready to sacrifice the stringency of the measure—and largely, as uncharitable people may suppose, in order to have the pleasure of embarrassing their own leaders—it is manifest that the pressure from outside cannot be very powerful. Meanwhile, if anybody cherishes the opinion that the ballot is all that is wanted to destroy the power of the English aristocracy, I can only recommend him to study the *Daily Telegraph* of two or three days back. There he will find a large part of the paper occupied with glaring descriptions of the extraordinary manifestations of delight exhibited by a large population in England, Wales, and Scotland; of parties of London tradesmen dining together in a rapturous state of mind, making speeches, composing addresses, and overflowing through all the established channels of enthusiasm; of the inhabitants of a Welsh seaport town turning out into the streets in a condition of excitement which the pen of the reporter utterly fails to describe; and of the sturdy farmers in Scotland rivalling the warmth of their more excitable Southern fellow-countrymen. What was the cause of this passionate emotion? If the *Telegraph* be right, even the recovery of the Prince of Wales, or the speech-making of Mr. Disraeli at Manchester, did not so stir the popular bosom. Well, if the truth must be told, it was that a young gentleman was about to be married. That happens, it may be said, every day; but this young gentleman was a marquis. Even so, the marriage of a marquis, though doubtless calculated to convey a thrill of sympathetic joy to the plebeian breast, is not a quite unprecedented phenomenon.

This young marquis, moreover, had committed the one fault to which the middle-class Englishman has—and, in my private opinion, with much justice—the heartiest aversion: he was a pervert to Popery, and had been chiefly distinguishing himself by presenting a capful of jewelry (I don't know whether I am precisely right in the nature of the present) to poor old Pio Nono. What, then, was the amazing merit which atoned for this enormity and made the marriage of the marquis an event to be commemorated with as much belated singing, speech-making, address-delivering, as many special trains, and as many columns in the *Daily Telegraph*, as would suffice to celebrate a

national victory? Simply this: that the Marquis of Bute is about the richest man in England. He almost rivals our excellent friend Lothair; and even Popery, which is detestable in an ordinary form, gains a kind of aristocratic grace which makes it rather ornamental than otherwise when accompanied by vast rentals, sumptuous palaces, and an indefinite amount of cash balances. The worship of the dollar is, I believe, known to exist occasionally in the United States; I will not ask whether the combination of this peculiar cult with the worship of rank makes it more or less respectable. But this much I may safely say, that there is an amount of fine unadulterated snobishness in certain social strata in this country which makes one long for a touch of Thackeray, or, in more vulgar language, would suggest the wish that some thousands of persons were so united that a single kick could do summary and simultaneous justice to all. Whilst the aristocracy excites such keen emotions in the breast of the British Jeems, it does not seem as if the ballot would destroy its power. The feeling is too deeply seated and too evidently unaffected. Luckily, there are limits beyond which the mob religion becomes powerless, and feelings which on occasion can get the better of it. For the present, however, I must lay down my pen, lest I should be hurried into some remarks not suitable to the respect with which every true Briton should regard the peerage of his country.

Notes.

B. WESTERMANN & CO., German booksellers, have removed from the west side of Broadway to No. 524 on the east side, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.—The *Week* has passed into the hands of Holt & Williams, and will undergo a change of form with other improvements of a literary character.—A complete edition, in three volumes, of the "Dramatic Works of Richard Brome," will be shortly published by J. W. Bouton. The author wrote in the time of Charles I., and this reprint is one of the John Pearson series, of which Mr. Bouton is the agent.—J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press "A Boy's Book about Indians," containing a brief history of the leading tribes and their customs, sketches of prominent chiefs, narratives of adventure, etc., by Rev. E. B. Tuttle, chaplain U. S. A.—a work which can hardly fail to be interesting, though not likely to surpass in this respect Mr. Catlin's two volumes prepared for the same class of readers, and of which it is singular that a popular American edition has never been attempted ("Life amongst the Indians," and "Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes"). The same firm announce "Wesley and Swedenborg," a fraternal appeal to Methodist ministers, by Rev. E. R. Keyes, of the New Church; "The Ten Laws of Health," by J. R. Black, M.D.; and Prof. Haldeman's "Pennsylvania Dutch."

—The *Popular Science Monthly*, edited by Mr. E. L. Youmans, and published by D. Appleton & Co., begins with this month what seems likely to prove a useful career. Its purpose is, not to give a mere summary of scientific facts diluted to suit the capacity of the general reader, but to furnish thorough and comprehensive discussions relating to the most interesting and important topics of scientific enquiry. In realizing this conception the opening number is very fairly successful, giving a large variety of entertaining and instructive matter, though much of this is taken bodily from foreign sources. By far the best article in the number is that on "The Study of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer, the first of a series by this able writer, which is to extend through the year. By including such papers as this, and also Mr. Pike's, on "Woman and Political Power," the *Monthly* shows that it has outgrown the vulgar conception of science as restricted to the describing of sea-shells and experimenting with air-pumps, and recognizes the fact that the domain of scientific enquiry is coextensive with the number of problems in which effects are traced to their causes. The new *Monthly* will undoubtedly do good service in diffusing an interest in science as understood in this wide sense.

—Mr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, a gentleman whom most of our readers know as a learned and acute student of philosophy, and in whom some of the most distinguished philosophers of our day recognize an independent and valuable critic, and a kindred explorer, is at present in this city delivering a course of lectures, to which we are glad to invite attention, and to which, but for an oversight, we should have called attention before. The second of the course is to be delivered this afternoon in the rooms of the Geographical Society, at the Cooper Union, and this evening in Room 24 of the same building, the lecture being given in the afternoon to suit the convenience of ladies, and in the evening for gentlemen. The lecture is in each case the same, and the same in substance as the lectures which Mr. Fiske has been giving at Harvard in the University course. The subject of the first lecture, delivered last Tuesday afternoon and evening, was "The Nebular Hypothe-

sis"; that of the lecture of to-day, and of next Tuesday, is "Darwinism"; and to any one who wishes to know what this much-discussed "ism" is, and what it is not, we can promise in Mr. Fiske a clear expositor, who will not make too great demands on his hearer's knowledge of scientific and philosophical names and things, and who may be depended on for perfect candor. Mr. Fiske is not a man of science in the worse sense of that term—a sense which implies a man who busies himself in some department of the natural sciences, and has a mind as much ridden by his mere facts, and as little capable of comprehension and candor, as ever any Scotch elder's was, or any Scotch minor poet's; he is a man of science in the better sense, a man of a just and comprehensive mind, well trained, well informed, and kept well in hand. Persons interested in speculative questions, and who dislike to see them handled without as constant a reference as possible to facts apprehensible by the understanding, will find in Mr. Fiske an engaging lecturer. Messrs. Holt & Williams and Messrs. Appleton sell tickets to this course, the Messrs. Appleton, as is well known, making works in science and philosophy a marked feature of their bookselling business, and Messrs. Holt & Williams having been Mr. Fiske's publishers when he has made ventures in authorship.

—Mr. Page, Mr. Ward, Mr. Perry, Mr. La Farge, and the rest of the Council of the National Academy of Design, having ordered that the gallery should be opened on Sundays, their action has provoked in some quarters the remonstrance that the question should have been submitted to the whole body of academicians, and not settled by the Council. The reason given for this remonstrance is that many of the artists and many of their patrons are opposed to the Sunday opening, and think the dissidents should have been allowed an opportunity to express their dissent. This view we have seen expressed in the columns of the *Evening Post*, a journal which is the time-honored organ of the elder artists of this city; but there is another view, which seems to us more reasonable. Among the academicians are many men who sincerely believe their works to be as capable of doing people good as most sermons preached on Sunday, and think that, for a part of the day at least, they should have a chance to be seen by people who rarely see a decent work of art. Of these artists there are many whose patrons, men of wealth rather than of discernment, are not up to the level of popular feeling in regard to the observance of Sunday, and who might possibly have resented a vote in favor of the new plan. In view of the situation of such artists, the Council's course seems to us to have been so considerate and judicious as to merit gratitude and commendation. If the convictions of the remonstrants are opposed to the Sabbathical observance of Sunday, or if their opinions are undecided, we should suppose the Council's action in taking the responsibility of deciding the question must really have their entire approval. If, on the contrary, their objection proceeds upon principle, or rather, let us say, if it springs from a rooted and resolute conviction, or if from any circumstance a protest should seem desirable, of course a decided expression of disapproval can still be put forth; but we doubt if any is heard. We, for our part, wish all the proceedings of the Academy authorities were as judicious as their proceeding in this instance. We wish, for example, that they would take counsel of their courage and invention, and contrive some more efficient sort of committee on the reception of pictures. Surely, if the committee could be so constituted as that its doings should be secret and irresponsible, some of the pictures which disfigure the walls of the Academy would have been instantly sent back to their owners, instead of being received and exposed. We have heard it said of a certain magnificent work now on exhibition in the Academy, that it is there because its author can "command the columns" of some of the cheap newspapers, of newspapers so cheap, too, that—to say nothing of the duty of all men of mature years to discourage them—even the Arcadian innocence and inexperience of the artistic understanding might have been expected to laugh at their pretence to influence anybody's opinions.

—The month of May appears to be a bad month for conventions. They are numerous, but the wisdom with which they are conducted is not seen to be remarkable anywhere, and in this city we are having some deliberations that are even wondrous. The American Labor Reform League is holding its sessions at the Cooper Union, and on Sunday last "Mr. Hanson said he had been trying for six months to solve the problem of the cause of the involuntary misery of nations." It is needless to say that his labors have been crowned with perfect success: "As talents, like natural elements, are the gift of nature to the race, nothing should be charged for their use," and it follows that "no human being can rightfully obtain an income of ten dollars a day." Mr. Heywood agreed with Mr. Hanson apparently, and stated that "the right to an income is purely imaginary," an opinion in which Mr. Brisbane seemed to concur. Mr. Brisbane remarked further that "the kitchen was woman's hell," though he did not say whether she was there as tormentor or as tormented, and that "it took railroads to stop the wickedness of the old

stage-drivers." The old stage-drivers were like Saurians, "who had to take in a good deal of carbon to stand the rack of their inclement surrounding." This, we take it, means that the old stage-drivers drank spirits when the weather was wet, and forgot to leave off that practice when the weather was perfectly dry or otherwise element. In view of these remarks and those of Mr. Hanson and Mr. Heywood, Mrs. Daniels said it must be acknowledged that woman is inferior to man in her reasoning powers. Mrs. Daniels gave it as her conviction that the true course for the Government to have taken at the beginning of the late war was to have submitted to the popular vote the question whether or not the people wished to have their money spent in the bloody struggle. The response would have been in the negative, and, this being so, the debt was unauthorized, and should be at once repudiated as unjust. Mr. Heywood thought, with Mrs. Daniels, that the debt ought to be repudiated, "its principal having been paid in the form of interest." Mr. Hume said that the agricultural laborers in England were, at the present time, "on strike" for the following reason: the peers became angry with Gladstone because he would not allow their sons to buy commissions in the army, so they conspired with the skilled mechanics to ruin Gladstone; then Gladstone, not liking to be ruined, got angry with the peers, and sent his agents down into the country, where they stirred up the soil-tillers so as to give the peers "something to do at home." The Labor Party, which has nominated Judge Davis, was condemned, and of course the Democrats, the Republicans, and "the Liberal Nondescripts headed by Greeley," all and sundry, came in for an impartial and complete denunciation. On the whole, it is an extraordinary gathering this Convention, and, with its outrageous pretensions and its silliness, together with its sincerity and its handling of topics destined to grave discussion at no distant day, it raises once more the question how it is that great reforms and revolutions attract in their first stages all the scatter-brained incompetents and half-crazed enthusiastic imbeciles in the community. We suppose there is no doubt as to the fact; and an explanation of it would be curious. It would be a handy thing to have, too, because when the imbecile or idiot comes forward with a reform which is his own private, proper, personal idiotism, and that unadulterated, pure, and simple, he always says to you, by way of offering his credentials as prophet and seer and inspired reformer, that he was intimately connected with the last Great Movement, whatever that may at the time chance to be. It would, as we say, be more convenient then to have at hand a philosophical explanation such as we have mentioned, because while it would not convince the idiot at all, it would convince the bystander, the third party for whom all argumentation is carried on, just what was the idiot's real connection with the last Great Movement, and make it plain that it was he and the wheel together which made so much dust, and not the idiot, or fly on the wheel, alone. It would be invidious in us, we fear, to point these remarks by naming individual ladies and gentlemen. We wish it would not, as we need not say that we have a great longing to mention the names of some distinguished residents of Boston "in this connection," and also some leading citizens of this city.

—It is well known what facility our troops acquired during the rebellion in throwing up entrenchments, and that anything and everything, from a tin cup to a belt-plate or a broken canteen, was used in digging when the proper tools were not at hand. A distinguished officer once told us of a feat of this sort performed by his command in face of an advancing enemy, when, having ridden at a smart pace down the line, giving the order to entrench, and returned to his starting-point in the course of fifteen minutes, he found already a fortification perfectly made as regards slope and thickness at top and bottom, more than breast-high, and impregnable even to artillery assault. We believe we do not overstate the performance, which of course had the aid of the proper tools methodically distributed at the right moment. The Rice trowel-bayonet, which seems likely to be adopted for our service to the exclusion of the more soldierlike but less useful pointed bayonet, promises to supply every man with a shovel which will be handy on all occasions, but invaluable in certain emergencies, such as having to hold an advanced position in the midst of an engagement. The trials made with this ingenious instrument at some of our Western posts seem to have given universal satisfaction. Had our fathers been provided with it at Bunker Hill, they would have had a substitute for their poor shelter of fences and stone heaps that would materially have altered the fortunes of that famous day. The story of the battle, we may remark, has just been retold in a picturesque manner, and without embellishment, by Mr. David Pulsifer, whose little pamphlet, containing a fac-simile of a contemporary map of Boston and Charlestown, is published by A. Williams & Co., of the former city.

—The revised edition of the Catalogue of Harvard University for the current year, and the announcement of studies in the college proper for 1872-73, remind us that the elective system of that university, the recent extension of

which has excited much interest among friends of learning through the country, is every year acquiring a firmer hold and a more comprehensive and permanent form. It is, indeed, a serious error to regard the changes made a few years ago in the light of *experiments*. They were the well-considered results of a discussion which has been going on at Cambridge for nearly half a century, and were made by a generation that has received its training while that discussion has been pending. Their whole function, moreover, has been to develop the elective system, and that has been fully enough in operation at Harvard College for a long series of years to make its practical character perfectly understood by those who advocated and have sustained its extension. There is, therefore, no reason to be surprised that the new plan of studies adopted two years ago, though it may have seemed revolutionary to those not intimately acquainted with the movement of thought that has been going on in the college circle, has, so far from losing any of its adherents when put to the test of practice, constantly gained new support in the Faculty, among the undergraduates, in the body of alumni, and in the general public. A steady increase has been taking place in the number of students ever since the election of President Eliot gave assurance that liberal and modern principles were henceforth to control the university; and a continually larger proportion of the students make their election of studies with intelligence and pursue them with the earnestness of real scholars, and with success of a higher order than is possible under the old lesson-learning system. The Announcement of Studies for 1872-73 is a highly creditable document, and one that we believe cannot be paralleled by any other university in America. The elective studies, which now constitute more than two-thirds of the instruction of the last three college years, are arranged in eight classes, namely: I. The Classics; II. Modern Languages; III. Philosophy; IV. History; V. Mathematics; VI. Physics (including chemistry); VII. Natural History; VIII. Music. In the first of these classes there are offered in Greek nine studies, occupying in all twenty-five hours of instruction a week, and in Latin seven studies, occupying eighteen hours a week. Instruction is also offered in Hebrew and in the elements of Sanskrit. In modern languages, English, German, and Italian have each three studies, occupying eight hours a week; French has four studies, occupying eleven hours a week; Spanish one study, occupying three hours a week; the philology of the Romance languages, the same; and instruction is also offered in Icelandic and Gothic. In philosophy there are six studies, occupying eighteen hours a week; in history there are six studies, occupying seventeen hours a week; in mathematics there are eleven studies, occupying twenty-four hours a week. In the sixth class, physics proper has four studies, occupying twelve hours a week, and chemistry four studies, occupying eleven hours a week. Natural history has seven studies, occupying twenty hours a week. Lastly, music has two studies, occupying five hours a week. These last studies are open only to students who are already familiar with the elements of musical knowledge, and they are constituted of such subjects as harmony, counterpoint, canon, fugue, and free composition—the instruction being given by one of the few really learned musicians in this country, Mr. Paine, whose university lectures on the history of music have been so favorably received during the last two winters. This programme indicates, as will be most clearly seen by those who will take the pains to scrutinize it in its details, that the extension of the elective system at Harvard College means not only that a greater proportion of the student's time can be disposed at his option, but also that a far wider and more satisfactory range of studies is presented to his choice; that, in short, thorough and advanced instruction is offered in every prominent department of liberal knowledge. Meanwhile, those students who prefer the regular curriculum usually prescribed in a college to any other arrangement of studies can obtain it by a suitable choice of electives. It is interesting to observe that the modern method has by no means had the unfavorable effect which some have feared on the old scholastic studies and especially on the classics. The greatest provision is made and the greatest numbers elect in that department, and instruction of a far higher character can now be given there, as in all other branches of learning, than the old required system rendered possible. Mathematics loses in numbers, but gains vastly more than it loses in the extension and solidity of its courses. The provision in physics, in the programme before us, seems meagre as compared with that made in other subjects; but in the strong corps of professors in that department attached to the university we have assurance that the deficiency is temporary. The system of honors is supplementary to the elective system, but we cannot now enter into the particulars of that scheme. We will only add that the elective studies of the college proper have recently been thrown open to graduates of any college on the payment of certain fees. This is likely to have the ultimate effect of extending the elective system still further, and of attracting to the university a continually increasing body of that serious class of students whose presence gives a high character to any seat of learning and has always

honorably distinguished Cambridge. We observe that some improvement has been made in the practical instruction in English composition among the required studies, and a more important step has been taken in providing an elective study in the same subject, though we regret to see that a part of the philological study of English has at the same time been abandoned. We hope that this is only the beginning of an extensive elective course of instruction in English literature and style, in which, as in other subjects, the best work will certainly be done by elective sections.

—M. Emile Ollivier has never given us, from his retirement in Italy, that justification of his ministry which he so promptly promised the world before his blunder, worse than a crime, had borne its perfect fruit. But Benedetti has published his "*Ma Mission en Prusse*"; and the Duc de Gramont undertakes, in "*La France et la Prusse avant la Guerre*," to prove that the Emperor had been anticipating the war for three years, and was not the aggressor at last, without explaining why, if that were the case, he precipitated hostilities when he was so woefully unprepared for them. The documents which accompany this defence greatly outweigh in value the evasive arguments they are designed to bolster up. Jules Favre, meantime, still continues his apology of the Government of the 4th of September. The first part ended with the issueless negotiations for an armistice to permit the calling of a National Assembly; the second closes with a narrative of the arrangements at Versailles for the surrender of the city. Prof. J. Chautard's "*L'Incendie Moderne*" and A. Dupaigne's "*Le Pétrole: son histoire, sa nature, ses usages et ses dangers*," treat more or less directly of the Commune, which, according to the former, found in the discoveries stimulated by the siege of Paris an arsenal of destructive material of every kind, and ready to be turned on the city itself after it had proved unavailing against the enemy. Two other works touch the political side of the present state of France: "*De l'Enseignement public comme principale Cause de la Crise actuelle*," by M. Gainet; and a translation, by Louis Régis, of Lord Brougham's "*Democracy and Mixed Governments*," with an essay on Brougham by Viscount d'Haussonville. In the following there is a look backward: "*Un Séjour en France de 1792 à 1795*," letters by a witness of the Revolution, translated by H. Taine, in singular ignorance of the writer's sex and real character; "*Le Directoire et les Origines des Bonaparte*," in Michelet's "*History of the XIXth Century*"; and the first part of a "*History of the Revolution of '48*," by Henri Gradis. The interest attaching to Zanzibar, from the recent appearance of Capt. Burton's work on the city, island, and coast of that name, as well as from Dr. Livingstone's connection with it, will secure readers for "*Voyage à la Côte orientale d'Afrique pendant l'année 1866*," by Rev. Père Horner, missionary to that region and superior of the Zanzibar mission. We mention finally a work of high character, the late Louis de Carné's "*Voyage en Indochine et dans l'Empire Chinois*," which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1869.

—More amusing than any of the foregoing is "*L'Allemagne aux Tuileries de 1850 à 1870*," by Henri Bordier, honorary librarian of the National Library—a book of upwards of 500 pages, containing the whole or parts of 1,821 letters addressed by Germans to Napoleon III., mostly with the view of begging, and variously servile, impudent, or simple. The Emperor's experience might possibly be matched by Mr. Beecher's, but in some respects was of course unique. As representing France, he was called upon to redeem the old French assignats, even (by the less modest) with interest; as the nephew of his uncle, to bestow his bounty on soldiers of the First Napoleon; as reigning sovereign, to award, in numberless instances, the cross of the legion of honor. If he fell sick, a host of sycophants sent him infallible remedies—specifics and panaceas, salves, balsams, talismans—or offers to visit him in person if the expenses of the trip were paid, or a certain fee guaranteed. One Baurath, in Leipzig, solicited a subsidy of 20,000 francs per annum, to help establish a periodical devoted to religious song. Letter-seals and rare postage-stamps were some of the humbler and more preposterous objects of these petitions. But there was some giving as well as taking, or, at least, a pretence of *quid pro quo*. In this way the Emperor became the recipient of crabs for his table, boots for the young prince, and the confidential communication of all sorts of useful knowledge, political, financial, agricultural, mechanical—a new variety of potatoes, a contrivance for perpetual motion—together with endless quantities of verses on all the marked events of his career, from his marriage down to the Orsini attempt and the plébiscite. A composer of Gotha sent a symphony for the wedding festival, but, hearing nothing of it, asked if he should send a duplicate copy, and then got 100 francs, which spurred him to forward a second part of the symphony, but without result. An original MSS. of Humboldt's "*Kosmos*" was presented by Professor Buschmann, of Berlin, in return for the honor which he obtained by a little judicious flattery. This was the perfect draught with the author's latest additions; and the mortifying discovery has been made that

the same Buschmann presented the rough draught to the Royal Library in Berlin, with a dedication to the King couched in very nearly the same terms as his dedication of the better copy to the Emperor, by whom it was deposited in the Imperial Library.

YONGE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THE steadily increasing attention paid to the study of English has had the effect of causing a large number of text-books to be prepared within the past few years for the purpose of furnishing instruction either in the language or in the literature. No one will pretend that the quality of these manuals has borne any sort of proportion to their number. As a general rule, it may be said that each one published has seemed the worst possible one until its successor has appeared. Accordingly, as this is the last, it is probably the poorest. At any rate, whatever may be its relative rank, there is no question at all as to its positive worthlessness. It is faulty in its facts, feeble in its criticisms, and absolutely abominable in its style. Professor Yonge's thorough unfitness for the task he has undertaken is manifest from the very outset. It is certainly proper enough for any one to select as his subject, if he so chooses, any three centuries of English literature, and to begin with any author he pleases, as has been done in this book with Shakespeare. But to assign as reasons for such a course those here given, such as that young men should not be recommended to devote their attention to writers of an earlier date, that the study of Chaucer belongs rather to the antiquary than to the modern scholar, that Spenser's works are shut out from ordinary readers by his perverse adoption of archaic forms—these, and statements like these, give ghastly glimpses of the future of instruction in our tongue, if leaders as blind as this are to lead the blind.

This book professes to furnish an account of the lives and writings of the English authors of the past three centuries, together with criticisms upon and illustrative specimens from their works. For this purpose it divides these authors into the seven classes of dramatists, "general" poets, lyric poets, historians, essayists, orators, and novelists, and takes up the members of each class in chronological order. A sort of sop is thrown to Cerberus by putting in at the end an account of Chaucer and Spenser. We do not object to the work that it is incomplete, as it manifestly is, but that it is grossly inaccurate. The list of blunders which a hasty inspection of the book shows reveals an amount of ignorance on the part of the author, which could have been due to no hurried investigation or chance misinformation, but must rather have been the patient accumulation of years. Not only probabilities, but likewise possibilities, are put down as certainties. Errors once prevalent, but along ago abandoned, are carefully revived, while a plentiful addition is made to the already existing stock. Chaucer is said to have been born in 1328, and to have been educated at Cambridge; both of which statements are uncertain, not to say untrue. He is represented as having joined the army of Edward III. on his arrival at man's estate, and as having been taken prisoner by the French a little before the battle of Poitiers. We have Chaucer's own deposition, made in the year 1386 in the trial between Richard Lord Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, that he had borne arms for twenty-seven years, which would fix the date of his entrance into military service as 1359. As the battle of Poitiers took place in 1356, this would seem to indicate a difference of opinion on this point between the poet and the professor. He is also declared to have been a member of the first parliament in the reign of King Richard II. Richard's first parliament met in 1377, the year of his accession, and it was not until 1386, and after the intervention of many parliaments, that Chaucer was elected knight of the shire for Kent. And here again turns up the old story of the poet's flight and imprisonment. As Sir Harris Nicolas thoroughly exploded this more than twenty years ago, it seems to us that it is now nearly time to drop it from our manuals of English literature; more especially as the *Testament of Love* out of which it was concocted is pretty generally conceded to be not the poet's production. Indeed, Professor Yonge's whole account of Chaucer proves conclusively that he himself has followed the recommendation spoken of above which he gives to young students, and that he clearly looks upon himself, to use his own distinction, as a "modern scholar" and not as an "antiquary." He states that our language began to be called English in the fourteenth century, being clearly unaware that it has always been called so by the men who have spoken it, though for the sake of convenience we apply to it in its ancient forms the designations of Anglo-Saxon and Semi-Saxon. He speaks of the very earliest dramas in our tongue as having been composed after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and specifically mentions "Gammer Gurton's Needle" and "Gorboduc" as being the first. Obviously he has never heard of Udall's comedy of "Roister Doister," which appeared certainly before 1553. The traditional stories of Shakespeare's life are here

treated as being not in the least doubtful; and some new facts are furnished, especially in regard to the poet's private opinions, which are unquestionably important if true. He gives extracts from the drama of "Much Ado About Nothing"; but his comments upon it prove that he has either not read the play through, or has not read it intelligently, for many of his statements in regard to it are blunders of the most disgraceful sort. He repeats with childlike simplicity the stories current some fifty years ago of Ben Jonson's special malignity towards Shakespeare, and also remarks that the former conceived that his genius lay more especially in the tragic delineation of character. As out of Jonson's seventeen dramas fifteen are comedies, it is apparent at a glance upon what a firm foundation this assertion rests. In his account of Chaucer Professor Yonge says that that poet seems to have introduced into the language the ten-syllable couplet; in the account of Dryden we are told that to him we owe the introduction of the ten-syllable line. But we must stop somewhere.

In the critical remarks there is something more than mere feebleness; there is frequently an absolute fatuity which defies description, and can be but imperfectly appreciated by detached quotation. In his very opening page the author declares that history must be accounted the most important of all branches of literature; as if, by any possibility, the literature of knowledge, to use De Quincey's distinction, could be placed on a level with the literature of power; or, not to state it abstractly, that Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay could ever be regarded as the equals of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Towards our early authors Professor Yonge uses a most condescending tone. He patronizes them, declares that they did very well considering the circumstances, but that really they cannot be looked upon as models any longer. It would be a waste of time, we are told, to leave late writers and go back to the works of these, "which, however curious and interesting as indications of the gradual growth and progress of the language, and however admirable as proofs of the power of genius to surmount the greatest difficulties and hindrances (for Chaucer and Barbour lived before the invention of printing, and therefore knowledge had unrolled for them but few of her stores), are nevertheless not examples of English as it exists now." Saddest of all words, the poet tells us, is what might have been. What woe must then be ours when we think what Homer and Virgil and Dante would have accomplished if they had only lived after the invention of printing, and had access to the ample stores of knowledge deposited in Queen's College, Belfast. Spenser is declared to be a far greater genius than Chaucer; and this judgment is to a certain extent entitled to respect as regards each poet, because it is dictated by that thorough impartiality which springs from ignorance of both. On Southey, however, our author is thoroughly up. "Roderick" and "Kehanna," he assures us, have always had readers and admirers, and he doubts not will a hundred years hence be far better known than the generality of the poems of the present day. This is certainly the gloomiest prophecy that has yet been uttered as to the intellectual condition of the twentieth century. With such sentiments as the foregoing, the manner of expressing them fitly corresponds. The style is vicious in the extreme. The sentences have no organic unity, but are of that involved and cumbrous kind caused by allowing a fact or idea contained in any one clause to suggest the topic spoken of in the one following; and as there is really no limit to this process of tacking clause on to clause, it is purely an act of grace on the part of Professor Yonge that he ever condescends to end a sentence at all. Certainly he who trusts himself to one of them never can predict when or where he will be likely to come out. To call this manner of writing tedious, or crude, or obscure, is putting it mildly. Compared with it, acts of Congress are entertaining, and Alabama treaties unambiguous.

In general, we may say we have no admiration for books of this kind, highly praised as they are in certain quarters. When well done they are doubtless of some service; and they are perhaps a necessity till the time comes when men learn that a knowledge of English literature can be got by reading the literature, and in no other way; that to understand Shakespeare, for instance, one must read Shakespeare's writings, and not what other people have said about them. We have given to this work far more space than its intrinsic importance warrants; but if books of this poor kind are to be used in our schools, the least we can do is to insist that they shall not be poor of their kind; that certainly no such dish of skimmed milk as this shall be set before students under the pretence that it is either palatable or invigorating.

A PROTESTANT "SISTER OF CHARITY."*

THE subject of this memoir, Agnes Elizabeth Jones, was the daughter of an English army-officer, and born in Cambridge in 1832. Her history was very uneventful. She enjoyed a careful English education, and made the

* "Three Centuries of English Literature. By Charles Duke Yonge. Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

* "Una and her Paupers. Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones, by her Sister. With an Introduction by Florence Nightingale." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1872.

usual European journeys, learning several of the modern languages, apparently with ease. Miss Nightingale speaks of her as "beautiful, rich, attractive, and witty." In her country home, in the North of Ireland, she early showed her extraordinary sympathy for the sick and unfortunate. Her composure and nerve, which she so frequently manifested afterwards, were strikingly exemplified in very early life.

Amid her earnest religious efforts and her serious and solemn contemplations, a bit of human "common-sense" comes in refreshingly, as where she prays, in her diary, just before going to a social party, that her labors among the poor may not make her "narrow-minded" when in company with people of the world. The most striking thing in her record of her early labors is the joyfulness of them. "How the heart leaps with joy," she writes, "to see a look or smile of welcome from the poor much more than at a warmer reception from the rich!" And, again: "A blessing to-day from old Mrs. W. warmed me so that I felt not the cold; she said: 'The Lord love you, for I love you'" (pp. 43, 49). Her labors around her country home, at Fahan, among the poor Irish peasantry, were incessant, no storm or disagreeable weather deterring her from walks of miles through the hills and lonely moors to give medicine and sympathy to the sick and religious instruction to the ignorant. Throughout her life she felt a special sympathy for the depressed and ignorant peasantry of Ireland. In view of the peculiar calling she had marked out for herself—the nursing of the sick—she early determined to secure a preliminary training in the Institution for Deaconesses, at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. The principal benefit, however, she derived from the year spent here, as she avows, was "the habit of implicit obedience." Her duties in the hospital were often of the most menial and revolting nature, but she performed them without reluctance, and even cheerfully. On the whole, the impression left by her brief journal of this famous institution is somewhat depressing, and she seems herself, in her subsequent life, to question the utility of such schools of training, or of these Protestant "Orders," believing that without the dress and the name a lady could often do the same kind of work among her poor neighbors or in the low districts of a city. This impression, from so sensible and devoted a worker, is valuable, and should affect in some degree the increasing tendency of the Episcopal Church, both in Great Britain and the United States, to form distinct orders of female ministers of charity and religion.

After the year in Kaiserswerth, Miss Jones gave herself for a time to the labors of the "Bible-women" among the poor of London; and then, with a view to her especial vocation, accepted Miss Nightingale's proposition to enter, as a "nurse-probationer," St. Thomas's Hospital, in London, for a year's training. We gather incidentally from her journal that at one season here she did not sleep at night in her bed for six weeks, probably doing night-nursing. If this is the preliminary training to which refined young ladies are summoned from their mothers' luxurious homes by Miss Nightingale, we can hardly wonder at her complaints that the women of England do not respond. A refined class cannot step at once into such severe labors without breaking down, while a lower and more vigorous class cannot be much stimulated by an offer of "\$50 per annum, with board."

The effect on this sensitive and highly-wrought girl of such efforts was just what any prudent mother would expect—she nearly broke down, and laid the foundation of a weakness which afterwards exposed her to fatal disease. The great work of her life now began to press itself upon her—the proposition to take charge of the nurses and paupers in the immense Workhouse Hospital in Liverpool. These touching passages will show her feelings at leaving home for these new duties:

"I dare not think of that last morning—must not others have thought me cold? Yet I felt it was almost an eternal farewell to Fahan, a final and deliberate renouncing of home, a going forth, indeed, on a way I knew not. I dared not think almost, dared not cry, and could only occupy myself with the present, and meet the future with 'Lord help me.' J. says I brought sunshine home, which seemed to vanish when I left it. Yes, I was happy; and yet there were times of agony. Mother, sister, home—when ever so dear? I never felt what a life home-life was before; the contrast with the other, and yet that other was very happy; and so I will only think of this, and thank my God, who has hitherto helped, and believe he, who changes not, will surely continue to do so" (pp. 272, 273).

The following description from Miss Nightingale's vigorous pen will give a succinct idea of her work in the Liverpool hospital (pp. 12 and 13, Introduction):

"All the last winter she had under her charge above 50 nurses and probationers, above 150 pauper scourers, from 1,290 to 1,350 patients, being from two to three hundred more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moment's warning. She had to manage and persuade the patients to sleep three and four in two beds; sometimes six or even eight children had to be put in one bed, and, being asked on one occasion whether they did not 'kick one another,' they answered, 'Oh, no, ma'am, we're so comfortable!' Poor

little things! they scarcely remembered ever to have slept in a bed before. But this is not the usual run of workhouse patients. Among them are the worn-out old prostitutes, the worn-out old thieves, the worn-out old drunkards. Part of the work in workhouses is to see that the dissolute and desperate old sinners do not corrupt the younger women—fallen, but not hopeless; to persuade the *delirium tremens* case, wandering about in his shirt, to go quietly into his ward and his bed. Part of the work is to see that the mothers of the sick children do not quarrel, ay, and fight, and steal the food of one another's children. These are among the everyday incidents of workhouse life."

She herself felt most keenly the discouraging, debauched character of those large English workhouses (pp. 354, 355, 356):

"I was one day coming in at the gate, and admiring the beautiful bread and plentiful supply, when, just because a bit of crust was burned—I should have liked it to eat—a woman began railing against the food provided. So it is often with our patients. There have been some fearful scenes in the oakum sheds lately, rivalling the 'prison matron's' revelations. You remember our visit there, and the woman who accompanied us. On Saturday the women in the sheds attacked her, threw her down, tried to run hair-pins into her eyes, and, when assistance arrived, were pounding her all over. More and more I come to the belief that these large institutions, *grouping together such numbers, are the ruin of the inhabitants*. One would blush to tell the knowledge and practice of the vilest sins among the children, girls of seven escaping to be brought back from the vilest houses. On Wednesday we had a patient brought in who had gone out well a few weeks ago; he looked more like a wild beast than a man; he said he had not had his clothes off for three weeks, nor 'seen his legs,' deeply ulcered as they were. He had been drinking freely, and was on the verge of *delirium tremens*, of which he died that night. I sometimes wonder if there is a worse place on the earth than Liverpool, and I am sure its workhouse is burdened with a large proportion of its vilest. I can only compare it to Sodom, and wonder how God stays his hand from smiting. Then, so little effort is made to stem the evil. All is passive, and seem to say it must be. The attempt at introducing trained workers has certainly not met with any sympathy from clergy or laity. In the nearly ended two years of our work, how few have ever come for the work's sake to wish us God-speed in it! I do not mean to say that I am discouraged."

No labors which a friend of humanity can perform at this day are so utterly depressing, disheartening, and without external reward, as those for the semi-criminal pauper class. Yet for years this gentle and refined woman, with scarce a look of sympathy to encourage, ministered to the bodily wants, afforded her rich sympathy to the sorrows, and brought her religious inspiration to reform the vices of these ruffians, vagrants, harlots, and beggars in the Liverpool Workhouse. From five o'clock each day till eleven at night, with scarcely a half-hour for repose or reflection, with no congenial society or books, her only pleasure the few flowers sent in by a friend, she labored and toiled among these outcasts, not even allowing herself recreation at her meals, but taking them with the nurses, that she might influence them even then. All this done, as Miss Nightingale says, utterly without consciousness or vanity, simply from love for humanity and for her ideal "Friend." Her business and executive faculty seems to have been equal to the religious inspiration which filled her, so that everything under her charge flowed calmly and evenly. Her influence over the nurses and the sick and criminal was of course deep and pervasive, and she seems to have given an unaccustomed tone of humanity even to that dreariest of all administrations, the poor-law system. In such labors as these, an organization so delicate and highly strung as hers naturally soon gave out. Her health gradually failed, and in the third year of her work she contracted typhus from an assistant whom she had placed in her own bed, and died as joyfully and sweetly as she had lived. The light from her faith illumined the great darkness beyond. It was a fitting close that the tears of the pauper and the outcast she had labored with fell upon her coffin, and that the wild flowers she so much loved were scattered over her grave by crowds of poor whom she had befriended.

This little memoir will undoubtedly affect very profoundly great numbers of the young, both in England and America. But the question must be raised by every judicious mind, "Was this life wisely guided, and was it spent for the best purpose?" It is invidious to object to any deed of humanity. He that "giveth the cup of cold water" to the pauper and vagrant shall have his reward in his own consciousness and the gratitude of mankind. But here was a woman evidently of uncommon moral power; here was a country filled with startling evils, some of which might have been reached in their source. Would not Miss Jones's work have been a deeper and more lasting one had she devoted herself to purifying the springs of pauperism and crime instead of cleansing the full stream in its later and more powerful course? Would not these "women of England" whom Miss Nightingale so eloquently summons, be better employed in teaching the children of the poor, in promoting popular education, in elevating the working masses, in drying up the source of crime and poverty, and in solving some of the social problems which have created all these paupers and outcasts, than in despairing and

exhausting efforts for the old vagrants and prostitutes and beggars in work-houses and hospitals?

Moreover, if our ladies undertake such labors, they must do them as men are accustomed to perform them. They should have time for recreation and variety: they should enjoy their proper rest; they should "organize" thoroughly, and learn to make others work for them; menial labor should be given to those trained for it, and the brain should take the place of the hands. With benevolent labor systematized in this way, the laborer in this field may work healthily a lifetime, instead of breaking down or spending himself in three years.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.*

THE principal objection, though by no means the only one, to Mrs. Spofford's story is its immorality. It is simply a very poor story of adulterous love. The heroine, Catherine Stanhope, while yet a girl, goes out on what is called in Boston the "North Shore" to gather samphire—in other novels it would have been sea-weed or clams, but Mrs. Spofford must have samphire—and, being overtaken by the tide, is in danger of getting her feet wet, when one Beaudesfords, a man quite as elegant as his name, happens to be passing in his sail-boat with his friend, Major Gaston, of the United States Army, and takes Catherine and her younger sister, Rose, ashore. It was here that the harm was done. As for the passionate love that instantly devoured these two men, who can chronicle it? "One not sooner than the other was wild with love of Catherine Stanhope."

"Beautiful, by God!" exclaimed Gaston.

"By all the gods!" cried Beaudesfords, turning on his seat.

"When was such a group seen before—two such women?"

"Ah! I saw but one," said Beaudesfords.

"And yet the picture would be incomplete without that carnation on the darker cheek."

Could there be a better beginning for a love story? A samphire gatherer, "a fair, white woman, with hair of palest tint—so white was she that you saw the tracery of blue veins upon her temples and her throat: the large eyes were scarcely bluer. Though dark brows and darker lashes lent those eyes shadow and depth, they had an inner splendor of their own, a light that seemed to burn from the brain; they were strong and searching eyes, rejoicing eyes, that said, although the heart should break, the spirit would be glad and safe. But the mouth was another thing; for albeit its lips were like some pulpy fruit, yet the smile that played around its corners was full of melancholy." As for the men, Beaudesfords was a "millionaire from his cradle, his profile like that on the coins where the conquering Alexander had his own likeness struck in the name of Apollo." But what are those advantages compared with those of Gaston—debt-ridden poverty, a scar received in frontier service, and a habit of intense reserve and desperate mooning? Gaston and Catherine fell in love with one another in a gloomy way, Gaston's part in the flirtation consisting in being very strong, ugly, reserved, bitter, and generally offensive, while Catherine gushes and snubs Beaudesfords, until at length for the sake of "comfort for Caroline, peace with her mother, a future for Rose, the wealth and splendor that she loved, sumptuous ease, the certainty of honoring, the possibility of more, since life was so arid, since he was so kind," she marries him. Of course, she does not like him—what can be expected of women who gather samphire? She grows pale at home, and Beaudesfords takes her abroad. On his return he meets Gaston on his threshold, and the story fairly begins. Gaston is persuaded to stay with them while he oversees the building of some water-works in the neighborhood. The husband, as is usual in such cases, is good-natured, innocent, and madly devoted to his wife, who lies awake half of every night crying. Gaston stands in dark corners, leans on mantelpieces, and glowers. Of their calm domestic life we may take this as an example:

"Gaston had just given his cup to the servant, and was standing before her leaning one arm on the mantel; perhaps she did not care to dwell on the sight. Ere he could offer to conduct her, a scale ran up the keys of the piano; she had seated herself and commenced playing. 'Frost-bitten,' said Beaudesfords. 'The tones tinkle like icicles as they fall from your fingers.' He lay in the great cushions of the lounge, their soft carnation lending his face a flush and deepening the tints of his yellow curls. Catherine looked at him a moment, and thought of some of the richly-colored canvases she had stood before in Europe. His head was something superb; it had the look of some Capitolean god's; such youth and beauty had a kind of majesty next to im-

mortal majesty. Then, the piano facing down the room, she raised her glance. Gaston still stood against the mantel, surveying her with his darkening eyes—the plain face, with its scar, its ruggedness, its gloom; and the other went out like a star in the night."

So they go on, Catherine feels herself "drifting," Gaston plays the mysterious, until "Candlemas," which is celebrated in the good old-fashioned New England way, with the guests, "tenants," and servants out-doors, "circling and recircling, and weaving a tracery of brilliant flourishes till the whole field was brocaded with trailing lines of light." Catherine and Gaston are watching this sight with a pardonable curiosity, when he asks her if she is cold, and, in his impetuous way, tries to pick up a fur cloak that had slipped from her shoulders. A little girl, the gardener's daughter, happened to be standing on it, and she is hurled over the balcony upon the ice beneath. This little incident arouses in her mind a not unnatural prejudice against Gaston, and, at last, she tries to think better of her husband. She determines to write to Gaston and ask him to go away. Her husband gets the note instead, takes to his "carved mother-of-pearl bed," and, to oblige his friend and wife, cuts his throat. The opening chapter of the novel represents him lying there, and the reader is started off on the false scent of his wife having murdered him. Gaston enters the room where Beaudesfords is lying in his gore, and with rare tact chooses that time and place to make hot love to Catherine. She refuses him; the husband revives, recovers; Gaston becomes an acknowledged maniac at first, and then again a prominent engineer in possession of his reason and so freed from this passion. Catherine loves her husband, and all is peace, and morality, it will be said, is triumphant.

The impression that this novel makes is a very curious one. The author sins against reality both by improbabilities of fact and impossibilities of sentiment. There is a misplaced splendor about it, a tawdry elegance, in which our own New England "Ouida" delights, which is as incongruous as a masquerade dress in a horse-car. The characters flaunt about in brocades and silks and satins; they dine off of gold, and never speak without alliteration. They are as elegant as the ladies and gentlemen on tailors' pattern sheets, but look to see what they really are, and you find something equally offensive by reason of its silliness and its wickedness.

The next of the volumes on our list is a very interesting sketch by the author of "High Mills," which we had occasion to review a few weeks ago. This story shows, to our mind, a greater degree of the same power which was to be seen in that novel, the power, namely, of a conscientious and thorough treatment of a severe plot. This story is a painful one. It is a study of a morbid character, but the work itself is far from morbid, it is intense. It is a book which can be rather admired than liked, for its grimness is a quality that is exceedingly prominent. On this account, it, like the "High Mills," may perhaps be found of less interest to the ordinary novel reader than to the by no means small class of those who are writing novels. In these days, when one sees so many stories in which the interest is so cheap, the attractiveness so flimsy, one cannot be too grateful for a novel which shows that the author is not above real and serious effort in her work. Of the sketches in the other volume this can hardly be said. They are good, although not of equal merit, and may very well be more popular than the rest of her work. They are all serious, and even pathetic; the quality most noticeably lacking, especially in comparison with the similarly unambitious work of Mrs. Parr, the author of "Dorothy Fox," is humor. But both of these ladies understand very well how to represent the poverty-stricken life they so often choose for their subject, without the sickly sentimentality that often mars such sketches of "still-life."

"A Crown from the Spear" is a novel of France of the Empire, but one that, were it not for occasional references to cigars, the railroads, etc., would seem to refer to, say, the middle of the sixteenth century. Not because it contains any such accurate study of human nature as is true of all ages and in all places, but on account of that vagueness of outline, that lack of sympathy with any human feeling which we generally find in melodramatic romances where descriptions of lofty castles, prancing steeds, and restless drawbridges lull the reader into forgetfulness of better work. We have in this story a cool-headed villain, who talks to himself as follows:

"How I have delved, how I have dug into the mines of knowledge, that I might find the rare gems below the ken of the superficial seekers! I have explored the mysteries of the Cabala; that wonderful science has been my study day and night; the Zohar is my code; the languages of the past, most hidden among the things hidden, are as familiar to me as household words. Alchemy has revealed to me its secrets and its marvellous laws. Metaphysics have become to me but a repetition of commonplace dogmas. I have analyzed all, and each particle is before me separated from all foreign matter. I can weigh them in the minutest scale, and my nice balance is my judgment. The ignorant look upon me as a sorcerer. I am a sorcerer, for knowledge is sorcery. Fabien, the canon, at twenty-five, has more within the circle of his brain than the oldest doctor of the schools. *Laus Deo* for such power. My peers look upon me with amazement. Honors are being heaped upon me," etc., etc., etc.

* "The Thief in the Night. By Harriet Prescott Spofford." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

"Gideon's Rock. By Katherine Saunders." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

"The Haunted Crust, etc. By Katherine Saunders." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1871.

"A Crown from the Spear. By the Author of 'Woven of Many Threads.'" Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"Righted at Last. A Novel." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

"Fair to See. A Novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.

There are maidens distraught with love; there is the active villain who accomplishes the wiles of the crafty and conceited soliloquizer; there are separations, suicides, prison scenes. The hero wanders through France with a trusty hunchbacked servant, like a knight-at-arms, and, with the singular incongruity that perpetually surprises one in reading the novel, writes for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is imprisoned for violating the laws about the press in his newspaper articles. The result of this combination is that we have both a poor romance and a poor novel. In the romance, one is willing to allow almost any use of machinery, provided the story is interesting; and in the novel we demand, as a basis, a resemblance to life as it is seen about us. While this is easily said, it is seldom attained. Novel-writing is like any other art: the end is clear enough before us, the means of attaining it are obscure. This story fails from its coldness. It is as artificial as a panorama, and moves in very much the same way. Different scenes are presented to us, but the characters are all in one position as long as we see them. In the extract we quoted above, does our author find any touch of nature? Rather, is it not the conventional soliloquy of the conventional villain? And that is the fault of the whole book. The author writes smoothly and has some power, which we trust to see in the future applied to less artificial stories.

"Righted at Last" is another American novel. It is the autobiography of a pauper girl who, after some years of harsh treatment, is taken from her squalid home by a rich young woman, who adopts her. She is sent to a school, in which she in time becomes a teacher, and afterwards, of course, she is found to belong to a high-born family, and she marries her aristocratic and wealthy lover. Every novel-reader knows the calm dignity that heroines display under the jibes and sneers of the cold world, how their acute conversation with the rather jaded hero shows immense reading, profound thought, and in time excites a tender interest even in his cynical heart. The retorts she makes to the fashionable people who snub her are very cutting, but at the end all are forgiven who have done wrong and the others are made happy. In short, the author has found it necessary to write a novel. But we cannot help thinking that she would do herself more justice if she would describe the characters with which she is familiar; we recommend as a model the second and third volumes of our list. Her novel is not without a certain modest merit, which, however, is more negative than positive, for it consists in the avoiding of certain common faults.

"Fair to See" is an exceedingly readable novel. It is an English story. The characters are two officers, one an enamored youth, the other a friend; two Scotch girls, one a flirt, the other sincerity itself. It is a very simple tale of a certain passion not wholly unfamiliar to the novelist, and it is very well told—in fact, it is just what a novel that is to be read once ought to be. At times it is very amusing, and it is never dull.

South-Sea Bubbles. By the Earl and the Doctor. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—When an author tells us that his work is made up of sketches from a log-book saved from a wrecked vessel in a moist and unpleasant condition, he at once disarms criticism as to the style, manner, and arrangement of his notes. That he was "persuaded to publish them" is a touch of nature which makes us (book writers) all akin, but it is, nevertheless, a feeble excuse worn so threadbare that it adds no force to the penetrating plea of pervading dampness. We read of Tahiti mountains, of every shade of blue, pink, gray, and purple, towering up from the bright green ocean, grand palms and coconut trees, huts peeping out from among the forests, soft summer seas stretching over dark water caverns where your gaze goes dreamily down among great fans of crimson coral and tufts and mounds like unto chased and carved ivory, amid which dart and shine fishes of wonderful shape and exquisite color—red, golden, orange, and cobalt-blue! How all this vividly recalls pleasant recollections of what in younger days we read of Typee, Omoo, and Mardi, and, although our respect for a live earl is very great, we still desire nothing better in the way of pictures of South-Sea scenery than those of Herman Melville, and, indeed, could not find them if we wished.

A wealthy and titled young English gentleman, with his own yacht floating in the bay, plenty of money in his pocket, and the object of the profuse attentions of foreign dignitaries and of all the natives from Queen Pomaré down to the scantily attired little boys and girls, needed no aid nor incitement from the exquisite scenery of Tahiti, Eimeo, and Huahine to see everything through a roseate tint. Of this state of things the picture of an earthly paradise is the inevitable result. The natives appear to have nothing to do but catch fish in picturesque attitudes, walk among orange groves with beautiful wreaths of *seva-seva* on their heads, eat

bananas when they are hungry, and recline in slumber, fanned by balmy breezes, when they tire of doing nothing. An impatient foreigner is made to complain to our author that these happy people won't work, saying: "They've got their grub hanging over their heads, and their water at their feet; and when they want fish, they can go out and get it as soon as they like. If I could only get two nights' frost to make them work for their breakfast, I might do what I liked." But full well we know that through this Garden of Eden creep very many forms of the serpent, to say nothing of a multitude of small snakes; that the hours smell very strongly of sour coconut oil; that many of the lithe-limbed, bronze Apollos are swollen with leprosy; that the Elysian swains get unmanageably drunk on vile fire-water, and beg tobacco and old clothes; that vice and disease and improvidence embroil the father and mother and kill the child; that the paradise is to be depopulated. Even our enthusiastic bubble-blower unconsciously recognizes their presence in such unintentional admissions as these: "The natives suffer much from cold and rheumatism" (p. 23). "The chief occupation of the natives is gambling" (p. 29). "Elephantiasis is fearfully common both among the whites and natives, and is an intermittent disease" (p. 111). If we cared to do it, we might materially swell this list of infelicities, more especially under the medical rubric.

Our author is evidently a young gentleman—quite young, we should say—upon whom neither the anxieties nor the responsibilities of life have weighed very heavily; and he disposes of the knottiest problems of cosmogony, ethnology, theology, morality, and social existence with a *disinvoltura* quite charming. The ardency of the Southern suns has proved too much for the coolness of his blood, and we might almost apply to him his own words about his Otaheitan, and say that his pages reflect rather shamelessly, if we must use a harsh word, "the sublime innocence of perfect immorality." There is also a sublime impudence of imperfect morality, we must remind him. As we have been so easy on his sinfulness, we will say nothing of his syntax and his slang. Both are good enough for a peer of the realm.

Vollständige Sammlung der geltenden Wechsel- und Handels-Gesetze aller Länder. Von Dr. S. Borchardt, Geheimer Justizrath, Ritter, etc. (Berlin: R. v. Decker; New York: B. Westermann.)—This is a work of truly German industry and research—an essay toward an international and uniform code of exchange and trade. The first step toward a consummation so devoutly to be wished being the analysis of existing codes, with a comparison of their differences and possibilities of adjustment, the commercial codes of all countries in which laws or usages having the force of laws exist are brought together in their original texts—Spanish, Danish, French, Greek, English, Dutch, German, Italian, Portuguese, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, Turkish (through the medium of French)—and are also presented in a uniform German dress. As yet only the first division of the work has been published, the Laws of Exchange, making two volumes of 608 and 520 pages large octavo; the second containing the original texts, and the first the German translation. Not only the great commercial nations are represented, but all the Governments of Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo, the Sandwich Islands, Malta, and Monaco.

The first impression of these multifarious codes is that their diversities are beyond the reach of adjustment; but Dr. Borchardt has reduced them to a systematic classification under two general groups: those which follow the French commercial code of 1807, and those which follow the German exchange laws of 1848 and the commercial code of 1861. To the first belong Belgium, Egypt, San Domingo, Greece, Hayti, Holland and her colonies, the British possessions of Lower Canada, Malta, and Mauritius, Italy, several Swiss cantons, Serbia, Turkey; and substantially in the same category are Spain and Portugal with their colonies, and the states of Central and South America.

The second or German group embraces as yet only Germany and Austria, with the exception of Hungary, under the commercial code; but the German laws of exchange are followed also by Finland, Sweden, and sundry Swiss cantons. Outside of these groups, Russia has a complete code of her own; Great Britain with her colonies and the United States of North America have sundry particular commercial laws and usages, which, especially in regard to exchange, agree in essentials, and have found acceptance in the Sandwich Islands and the colony of Liberia. The French laws of exchange obtain over an area of 507,500 square miles (German), with a population of 233,700,000; the English and American over 509,400 square miles, with a population of 252,300,000; and the German and more modern rules of exchange over 32,130 square miles, and 71,600,000 inhabitants.

After a critical specification of the main points of distinction in these several systems as to value, recourse, endorsement, etc., Dr. Borchardt emphasizes the newer legislation which is gaining ground in France, Ger-

many, Austria, England, Sweden, Switzerland, Chili, and the United States, by which the once universally-allowed immediate execution against the person of the debtor is no longer permitted.

Such diversities in the laws and usages of exchange as present themselves in the codes compared in these volumes, are not founded in the nature of exchange itself, nor are they the necessary result of local circumstances; they are far more likely to proceed from some preponderating notion or doctrine of the science of rights current at the time of such legislation, or from a regard to the growing necessities of an increasing and ever-expanding commerce, which now spreads itself over the whole world without respect to the boundaries of nations. And hence, in view of the cosmopolitan character of exchange—the chief medium of commerce—the attempt should be made in the common interests of trade to set aside these diversities, and to merge all codes and systems in one international code of exchange. The bare suggestion of such a code reminds us how far our age has advanced from feudal times; and the feasibility of such a code, as demonstrated by Dr. Borchardt, gives hope of a millennium of political economy. His work is a valuable study for statesmen.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
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UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Alumni Day, Tuesday, June 25th. Commencement, Wednesday, June 26th. For Catalogues or Circulars, address E. M. Jenkins, Registrar. For information respecting the Civil Engineering School, address Prof. Cady Staley, E. N. POTTER, President.

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